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HIPPIE SEX

BY DALE GORDON Ph. D. 159

An on-the-spot documented study of the hippie world involving: FREE SEX • PROSTITUTION • LSD • FLAG PARTIES • MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR • MARIJUANA • BONDAGE • HOMOSEXUALS

The material in this book is sensation, but that is simply because sex itself is considered sensational.

This is a documented study of the actual sex life among the hippies, in comparison to the known incidence of various forms of sexual behavior in society.

The authentic and detailed case-histories involving sexual freedom—through love-ins and sex orgies, the pot and LSD parties, and the communal living merely express the manifestation of the younger generation searching for itself; and their sexual exploits are simply an expression of self-experimentation.

A most exciting, informative and shocking insight into the underground of hippiedom and the modern sexual revolution which is currently taking place.

Hippie Sex

A STUDY OF CONTEMPORARY SEXUAL MORES

By DALE GORDON, Ph.D.

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INTRODUCTION

This book is a *scientific, documentary* work based upon accurate research together with *authentic case histories* about the sexual exploits of the modern generation known as the "hippies."

Take a stroll through New York's Greenwich Village, down Sunset Strip, or along the sidewalks of San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district and you'll see thousands of young people dressed in the newest mod fashions crowded together in small restaurants and shops, or simply leaning against buildings in large groups. These are the hippies who daily make headlines with their "love-ins," marijuana and LSD parties, sex orgies, "peace marches," and civil demonstrations. Basically, these young people seek individual expression through non-conformity and protest against the establishment. What makes them so colorful from

the news standpoint is that they advocate and practice complete sexual freedom, something long frowned upon by society.

Tons of material has been written about the hippies; each author and columnist making an effort to understand and explain this popular movement in today's society. In the author's opinion, little of this has been truly definitive. This is perhaps because the hippies are not an organized group with recognizable goals. Adhering to the "hang loose" philosophy, the hippie lives his life in a state of limbo, appraising himself in relation to others as situations develop. While they rebel against outdated codes of behavior and centuries-old morals, the hippies refuse to embrace any other doctrine of life except "live and let live."

Critics assail the hippies from every side, saying that the younger generation has lost all patriotism when they protest against Vietnam. "The hippies are depraved and degenerate," is a common phrase uttered by an amazed and sometimes outraged older generation. "Their sexual antics would make even the most degenerate libertine blush," said a very moral critic in a national magazine recently.

The hippies, on the other hand, claim that they are the victims of bad press. They feel that in order to sell more newspapers the press has centered on the sensational side of their life. The hippie claims that his or her sex life is no different than that found in normal society. They admit

that they receive more publicity about their sexual exploits, but claim that this is because they are completely open about sex and hide nothing.

The hippies are also quite fond of putting the press on. When LIFE magazine, for instance, set up some "in depth" interviews with hippies for a feature article some months ago, they had no idea that the hippies met in advance and decided exactly what LIFE would be told. When the article appeared, all hippiedom had a giant laugh at LIFE's expense. Psychedelic bananas are another example of the hippie put on. For quite a while they had the country believing that the substance scraped from the peel of a banana and baked in an oven produced a hallucinatory drug. This is, in a way, the hippie's way of getting even with a press they believe distorts their activities far beyond the realm of truth.

This lack of trust and overt hostility to members of the press makes it very difficult for an outsider to penetrate the hippie life and seek the truth about their activities. So, for the preparation of this book, the author grew a beard, dressed in hippie attire and lived among the younger generation. I spent considerable time on the fabulous Sunset Strip in Los Angeles, and in the Haight Ashbury district of San Francisco. My magazine articles and past books preceded me in an effort to show that I was not after sensationalism, but an author who would tell the story truthfully as I saw it.

My thesis is to present a study of the actual sex life among the hippies in comparison to the known incidence of various forms of sexual behavior in society. By nature much of the material in this book is sensational, but that is simply because sex itself is considered sensational.

All interviews were done with a tape recorder, and the individuals have given permission to use their statements and case histories. Almost all of the sexual activity among the hippies is illegal in one way or another, so the names and identities of the individuals have been changed to save them from embarrassment and/or legal prosecution. The people, however, are real; and the stories are theirs.

The hippies have a language all their own, and often speak entirely in modern slang. This language is so expressive of the time, the author has made liberal use of the hippie terms and phrases. A glossary is appended to this work for those who are not yet tuned in. In describing sexual activity, the majority of the hippies make liberal use of four-lettered words and slang sex terms. Because these words and phrases are to some people offensive, the author has deleted this material and inserted the more technical medical terminology.

The author acknowledges his indebtedness to the hundreds of hippies who cooperated with interviews and statements for this study. Although each of you has been disguised, you should have no trouble in recognizing yourself. My special

thanks go to authors Gil and Ann Chapman, who, while compiling the material for their book SENSUAL SUNSET STRIP, made arrangements for the author to attend a "love-in" and a nude party with them.

All of the material in this book is presented in a *scientific, documentary* style as a serious study of the contemporary sexual mores of a segment of our society. The incidents described here are taking place right now in cities and towns across our land. Perhaps through this study we will broaden our understanding of the *actual* sex lives of our younger generation.

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CHAPTER ONE

FREE SEX

"I had a lot of trouble with my parents. We just couldn't seem to communicate. They didn't like any of the kids I was hanging around with, and they thought I had to be some sort of a virgin to be sacrificed on the altar of marriage. When Mom found the plastic dispenser filled with B.C. (birth control pills), she flipped way out. We had an awful fight. It really seemed that she would rather have me get pregnant than take B.C. She called me a whore and all kinds of things . . . That's when I ran away from home."

Speaking is Marge W., an eighteen year-old girl from Portland, Oregon. Marge is an attractive, intelligent girl who ran away from home last fall to live with the hippies in San Francisco's Haight-

Ashbury district. She is five foot five, has pale blonde hair the color of straw, bright blue eyes and an above-average figure. Marge lives with three other girls and two boys in a small flat overlooking Golden Gate Park. She smokes marijuana regularly and has been on several LSD trips. Her sex life is quite sophisticated and she frequently engages in sex orgies with her roommates.

Marge spent many hours with the author, and this is her story.

"There's no shortage of sex in Portland. Every guy you date puts the make on you. For quite a while I wouldn't (have intercourse). I was always afraid of turning up with a pregnant button. I did take the boys for swinging trips (orally), though. A boy taught me how to (perform fellatio) was I was thirteen. I may have started out a little younger than some, but almost all the girls do it.

"I didn't start making out until I was sixteen, and then only after this one boy had arranged an appointment for me to get a prescription for B.C.

"That was a big love scene. I was really crazy about him. We even talked about getting married, but my folks looked on Bill as strictly bad news. He rode a motorcycle, and you can just imagine how they liked that!

"Outside of Bill, I only went to bed with one other boy before I came down here. I wasn't very mature at the time, and I felt that (having inter-

course) was something reserved for the real special person you were in love with.

"I've broadened my outlook considerably since I've been down here. It doesn't take you long to learn that almost all the hang-ups people suffer are from an immature outlook on sex. They try to make sex something special, something super. You know, you're supposed to trip out with sex and journey through the stars. You keep it real sacred and hide it from everybody. Then, when you have a bum or mediocre trip, you feel let down. You can't face up to the fact that maybe you or your partner are a bum lay. So, you start reading about what other people do and enjoy sex sort of second hand . . .

"Some people think it takes a lot of guts to run away from home. It didn't for me. I was mad — maybe fed up is a better way of saying it. Mom was on my back constantly, and the B.C. sealed the whole deal off. I had some money — about three hundred dollars — saved up, so I withdrew it, packed a few things and climbed on a bus for San Francisco.

". . . When I arrived here I knew this was the life for me. I had a lot of adjusting to do, though. You might say I was terribly conventional. It took me about a week to get tuned in and turned on . . . Phyllis and Guy, two kids I met my first day here, helped me a lot. They sort of took me under their wing and introduced me to the scene. Phyllis is my age and full of hell. She was shar-

ing a pad with Guy at that time and they let me stay with them until I found my way around.

"The first thing I had to do was get some clothes. My square sweaters and skirts were strictly hicksville and had lame spelled out all over them. Phyllis took me down to a mod shop and I picked out some hiphuggers and chop-tops. That's all I really needed. Everything is beautifully informal here.

"... It was Phyllis who put me wise to the sex scene. She got me fixed up with a prescription for B.C. at a clinic. I guess I learned all about free sex with Phyllis and Guy while I shared their pad. Those two were real swingers and couldn't get enough sex ... The first night I was there, they made love right in front of me. We'd been talking all evening and suddenly Phyllis said, 'Guy, I feel like balling. How about you?' They started necking right there on the couch, and completely ignored me. It was the first time I had ever seen anybody make love and I didn't know what to do. I thought they might want some privacy, so I got up and went into the bedroom."

"They followed me into the bedroom. Phyllis said something like, 'I hope our lovemaking does not embarrass you, Marge, but old Guy here has a hot (penis) he wants to sink in me and you must know what it's like when a girl wants it!' I smiled and started back for the living room to leave them alone, but Phyllis insisted I stay and watch. I felt kind of silly, like a third wheel or something, but I stayed.

"They were both nude and each one had a gorgeous body. Phyllis was tall and slender with huge breasts. I was almost ashamed of mine in comparison to hers. Guy was about six feet tall and had a very muscular body. His (penis) was hard and standing straight out in front of him. I think it was the biggest one I had ever seen!

"Phyllis pushed Guy down on the bed and went down on him. She really enjoyed doing that to a man, and I could see Guy was trembling all over from what she was doing to him. Finally, she turned around and sat on top of him, lowering herself on his (penis). She moved up and down as fast as she could, and he grabbed her hips and really pounded it to her.

"... I'm describing all this to try to set the scene. You see, I'm a normally sexed girl and when I saw all that I became pretty damned excited. From where I was sitting I could see that (penis) of Guy's going way up inside her and back out. It turned me on, to say the least.

"When they were finished and smoking a cigarette, Phyllis asked me how I liked watching. I told her it turned me on, and she suggested Guy work me over to relieve the tension.

"That really took the wind out of me. I thought that Guy was her man. I really didn't think that she was serious, until Guy got up and pulled me over to the bed. He started kissing me and playing with my breasts. Well — I was already excited, and that did it. I didn't try to hold back any. Phyl-

lis helped Guy undress me. Then she (performed fellatio) to warm him up while he put one of my breasts in his mouth and started giving me one hell of a working-over. Phyllis raised up and started kissing one of my breasts while Guy pushed my head down between his legs. I knew what he wanted, and I did my best on him. It wasn't long until he was ready, and he turned me over and (had intercourse with) me while Phyllis watched us.

"I climaxed twice while he was on his way to his, and they nicknamed me 'short fuse.' They still call me that every time I see them.

"Needless to say, that was the first time anything like that had ever happened to me, and I had a tough time sleeping that night. My conventional mind said that what we had done was immoral, and I was worried what Phyllis might say about my making love with Guy. Even though she had suggested it, she might have only been kidding and then gone along because Guy wanted to.

"This was all just part of that adjusting I told you about. Phyllis and I had a long talk the next day. She explained to me that the hippies looked on sex as something very normal and loads of fun. They didn't have the sexual hang-ups the rest of society did, and they looked at sex as a means of pleasure. Guy was her man, she explained, but she didn't care if he had sex with another girl. She said he felt the same way about her.

"I know I had a hard time getting tuned in to

all of this. I thought that if Guy was my man I'd be as jealous as hell if he turned on or tripped out with some other girl. But once you are tuned in you see it isn't like that at all. Any real relationship between a man and woman is based on a lot beside sex. You have to rap together — you know, have the same likes and dislikes and all that. Sex is something you can enjoy with a lot of different people, but when you're hung up on a man there's a lot more to it.

"Well, anyway, the three of us began having some group gropes together every night while I was with them. Their apartment was really too small and I wanted to get in with some kids I could plan on staying a while with. Phyllis and Guy were splitting out for Monterey to spend the winter, and they helped me get introduced around.

"By this time I was tuned in on the sex scene, so I didn't have any problem adjusting in that department. I moved in with a gang down on Fell Street, but they were all pot heads. I wasn't ready for that. I still thought grass was dope, believe it or not. Anyway, I moved out of that place and moved in here."

Marge lives in a two bedroom flat with five others. The apartment is small, but comfortable. It's located at the top of a steep flight of stairs on the second floor of a building which is perhaps forty years old. The furniture is old and from some undefinable period. Marge and her roommates, three girls and two boys, have decorated

the walls with psychedelic art and hippie posters.

When friends drop over and spend the night as many as twenty people sleep in the small flat. The kitchen sees a lot of activity and a large pot of brown rice is kept steaming most of the time.

"Brown rice is what most of us eat," Marge explained. "It's not because we like it, but because it's about the cheapest thing you can buy. We buy it in hundred pound sacks from a wholesaler for $12.50. That's a lot of rice, and it can keep a lot of people going for a long time.

"We don't have any rules to speak of. You have to wash your own eating utensils and plates, and anybody who feels like it does the cooking. When we have a little extra money to spare, we add some ground meat or fish and vegetables to the rice. That sort of breaks the monotony, and helps keep the diet healthy. Of course, we eat a salad or a hamburger out whenever we can afford it.

"When the place gets pretty dirty and messed up, we all go a clean trip and pitch in to make it presentable again. I guess that happens about once a week.

"There aren't any formal sleeping arrangements. You just crash wherever you feel like it. Jerry has been here the longest, and he has first call of pads. I'm next in seniority, but none of us pay much attention to all that.

"The bathroom gets to be a problem and we just

have to share it. Once you lose your inhibitions, that doesnt bother you at all.

"We have some personality conflicts once in a while, but these things generally resolve themselces. This group is a bunch of nightowls. We hardly ever crash out before three or four in the morning, so we sleep late — usually until way past noon. Some groups sack in early and get up early, and all of this is important when you choose a pad. The people have to be somewhat compatible. When you live together like this there's nothing sacred, so you have to get along.

"Another thing, you've got to be sexually compatible. We all have lots of fun with sex, but we give that weird stuff a wide pass. You know what I mean — flag, bondage or spanking, that sort of thing. We don't put anyone who's in that bag down, but it just isn't for us. We're not much for the gay scene, either. Again, we don't put them down, but it's just not our particular bag.

"I guess the best way to explain it is that everyone has their own bag. Some are real acid fiends, and they all sort of hang out together. Other kids are what we call super smokers; they're always on pot. Well, they sort of generate to one another, too. If you're gay, you head for the gay ones.

"That's one of the best things about being a hippie. No one's going to put you down for what you want to do. You just sort of live and let live."

Marge's roommates range from eighteen to

twenty-three. Bob S. is twenty-one, a rugged six-footer with long blonde hair that hangs almost to his shoulders. He is clean-shaven and good looking. Bob doesn't work, but makes hippie jewelry by hand when the spirit, or economic necessity, moves him. Bob is a native San Francisco Bay Area boy, has two years of college behind him, and has led several Vietnam protest marches.

Jerry L. is twenty, a drop-out from the University of Washington, and an ex-high school football player. He works as a parking attendant two days a week in a downtown parking lot. With tips, Jerry earns a little better than $30.00 a week. This suits him perfectly because it commits him to less than 20 hours a week at work and provides enough income to live on. Jerry sports an Ernest Hemingway type beard and long black hair.

Sherry M. is the newest member of the group. She's nineteen, a high school graduate and very attractive. Sherry wears her light auburn hair straight and it hangs almost to her waist. Her pale green eyes sit above a pert nose that gives her face an alert, impish look. Sherry's five foot two and proud of her 36-22-35 figure.

Linda C. joined the group some six months ago. She's twenty-two, five foot seven and attractive in the classic manner. Her figure is slender, but well formed. Linda is a graduate from the University of Nevada who says she is living with hippies until she knows exactly what she wants out of life.

Maria L. is an exchange student from Mexico City. She is studying at San Francisco State College and working for her masters degree in edution. Maria is the oldest member of the group at twenty-three, but appears the youngest. She has dark olive skin and pale blue eyes. She wears her long black hair straight, but dresses more conventionally than the others. Although she was raised in a strict Catholic family, Maria has renounced her religion to embrace the hippie philosophy and sexual freedom. The most serious of the group, Maria plans to return to Mexico once she has her degree and spread the philosophy of hippism among her friends and associates.

These six young people live a communal life. Rental on the flat is $100.00 a month and each one kicks in $20.00, which covers rent and utilities. In addition each one pays $10.00 a month into the kitty, which provides food and household items.

Sex is active and open among the members of the group. Life is very informal, couples make love in front of everyone, and they enjoy frequent sex orgies.

CHAPTER TWO

SEX ORGIES

Sherry M., the newest member of Marge's group, describes the frequent sex orgies held in the flat overlooking Golden Gate Park.

"I'm no prude, mind you, but I guess I was set back a little when I first moved in. I haven't been a virgin, even a technical one, since I was sixteen, but my first contact with the group sex-scene was with these wonderful nuts.

"I moved down here last summer from Sacramento. The idea was to get away from my parents and all of the hassles at home for the summer. I intended going back last September to start college, but I've found I like it here so much I don't want to go home right away. I think I'll stick it

out for a year and then make up my mind about the education bag. I mean, what's really in it for a girl unless she's going in for some sort of career? Anyway, I'm in no hurry.

"Actually, I met Marge through Benny J., a fellow I padded with for a while when I first came down. Benny was busted for pot and had to head back for Sioux Falls or spend ninety as a guest of the fuz. I couldn't keep the pad by myself, so I started looking for a group to crash with. When Marge hear about Benny's bust, she asked me if I would like to live with them. Betty, who'd been living there, had just split for Sunset Strip and they were looking for a new soul to help feed the kitty.

"She wanted to know how I felt about free sex and I told her that it didn't bother me one bit. You see, I'd been sleeping around since I was sixteen. I guess I slept with about half the boys I dated, so sex was nothing new to me. This group scene was, though. I'd never been to a nude party, and sex was sort of a private thing as far I was concerned. To sum up, I just hadn't been liberated when I moved in.

"The gang took care of that in prompt order. I balled with Jerry the first night I moved in. The rest were at a party down the street and Jerry and I were there all alone. He made a mild pass at me and I was willing. The next day Bob wanted to make it with the new chick, and I was more than willing. I think he's about the cutest man I've

ever seen.

"A few nights later Bob pulled out his guitar and we all got going on a community sing. Linda had brought a gallon of wine home and we had quite a few drinks. Jerry suggested we have a sex orgy and I laughed. I had no idea he was serious. After all there were four girls and two boys. That hardly makes for a decent orgy, at least from the girl's viewpoint. When I said something to this effect, Jerry said that he could take care of two girls at the same time. Marge chimed in telling me not to worry, that I'd get my fair share. That's when I knew they were serious.

"Linda locked the door, and she and Maria and Jerry set out to show me how it could be done. They stripped down and Jerry stretched out on his back on the bed. Maria went down on him, and she's somthing else at that, and he was ready fast. When she had him just the way she wanted him, Maria climbed on top and eased it all the way up her. Then Linda climbed on top of Jerry facing Maria, and squatted on his face so that he could (perform cunnilingus). Maria and Linda paced each other until they had the rhythm down pat. Believe it or not, they all three made it at the same time.

"I'd never seen anything like that before, and Bob started undressing me while I watched. Then he and Marge and I did the same thing. It was pretty damned exciting.

"... We often have a group grope. That's where

we all get undressed and get together on the big bed. We sort of take turns masturbating each other. The ones who hold out the longest get to (have intercourse) afterward. I have pretty good control, unless someone's (performing cunnilingus), and I usually end up in the finals . . .

"These sex-ins aren't just limited to the six of us by any means. Lots of times we have a half a dozen or more extra people up and really have a ball! One time we had nine fellows and only the four girls. You can imagine what that was like! Dreamy!

". . . Lots of people think we have an orgy every night, but that's silly! No one could live through it. Sometimes I'm sore for two or three days after a real sex session. Besides, sex is something you have to be in the mood for. If you're not in the mood, you just can't be bothered.

"For us, sex is just lots of fun when you're in the right mood. We have at least one sex-in a week, and sometimes more. But they're not planned, or anything like that. You don't set Thursdays or Saturday nights aside for a sex orgy. You just do it when the fancy takes you. Every once in a while, we have a party that's planned in advance. That's when we ask some other kids to join in, and we make it a real party.

"Other times we all make up and someone starts sexing around. If everybody is in the mood, we get a small, kind of playful orgy going."

". . . To be perfectly honest, I still prefer private

sex. It's not quite so cold and physical, if you know what I mean. You have a chance to develop some rapport with your partner, and you make the scene a very personal thing. Group sex is fun, but it's sort of like frosting on the cake. There's not much to it, except the purely physical pleasure.

"I don't look down on group sex. How could I? I make the scene half the time myself. I just don't take it very seriously, that's all. A lot of the kids go for it, and I'm usually willing to join in.

"One thing, watching others sexing it up can be very stimulating! You can really get turned on that way. I know it affects the boys more than the girls, but nobody halfway human can just stand there and watch without getting a little turned on."

Maria, with a lilting Spanish accent which is impossible to reproduce in writing, had this to say about the sex orgies:

"I really dig group sex the most. I think that when you have reached an emotional level where you can disassociate the physical and mental sides of sex, you've become truly mature. Sex is maybe the most beautiful of all forms of human expression, and those who still feel it's dirty are lame.

"I look at our sex-ins and group parties as experimental sex. We're experimenting with various types of sex and lots of different partners. There's nothing at all serious about what we do.

Nobody is looking for a mate. We expect much more from the man we will spend the rest of our lives with than just good sex. He will have to be intelligent and share our beliefs and a hundred other things. In the meantime we're getting the wild sex desires out of our system."

This group is in no way unique. Many thousands of hippies live together in a communal type life. They share living quarters, money, food and experiences. Some are transient, others are permanent. Some work, but the majority go out of their way to avoid work. Sex, while sensational in normal society, is fairly common among the hippies. Many of the groups living together enjoy frequent sex orgies. Still others live in the communal existence without ever participating in sex orgies of any kind, as we shall see in the next chapter. Many hippies join the group sex-scene once and then withdraw to more conventional behavior patterns.

The following is an excerpt from an interview with Jack T., a twenty year-old University of California student who is spending the summer with the hippies in Hashbury.

AUTHOR: Jack, in relation to sex, have you ever participated in group sex?

JACK: One time.

AUTHOR: Tell us about it.

JACK: I really don't know what there is to tell.

AUTHOR: Well, give me your impression of it.

How did it start; did you plan to participate; what was it like?

JACK: I didn't like it, if that's what you mean. The whole thing was really sort of spontaneous . . . I was at a party down on Fillmore Street — it was a bash some musicians were giving. The crowd was pretty groovy. Everyone really swung, if you know the type. I guess there must have been about sixty people there at one time or another during the evening. About two in the morning it thinned out and there were about a dozen or so of us left. A trio was sort of improvising with some weird chord progressions, and we were all grooving to the sounds. I don't know how it all got started, but some chick started doing a strip. A couple of others joined her, and pretty soon the scene was nude. I was the last one to pull the threads, and some of them were kidding me about being inhibited.

AUTHOR: Were you inhibited about undressing in front of the others?

JACK: Yes and no. The nude bit didn't bother me, but it was the first time I'd ever stripped down in front of a gang of people before.

AUTHOR: What happened then?

JACK: For a few minutes nothing happened. Then things got all sexed up. I was leaning on the end of the piano, and when I looked over on the couch I saw a chick kneeling down with her head in some guy's lap. She was giving him some real

head. Another guy had a little blonde chick on the floor (having intercourse with) her. I'd heard about these things, but I'd never seen them before. It didn't take long for the whole damned group to get into the act.

AUTHOR: Were you alone at the party, or did you bring a girl friend?

JACK: I was alone, but I had been sort of drinking with this one chick all night. We were standing next to each other when the sex started getting hot. It was kind of funny. All evening I'd been working the personality bit on this chick in the hope that I'd get a chance to ball her. Once these characters got the sex going, she leaned over to me and whispered in my ear. 'Is that thing between your legs good for anything but (urinating)?' she said. Well, you could have really popped my bag on that one. She didn't seem like that type at all!

AUTHOR: You mean that you had no indication of her sexual personality all evening long?

JACK: Listen, she had a body. A real body! And she oozed sex, but she impressed me as the kind of chick you'd have to date a couple of times and get to know before she'd hop into bed with you. She really surprised me.

AUTHOR: What happened then?

JACK: I'm kind of dull sometimes, but I don't have to be hit over the head with a baseball bat to get laid. I took her in my arms and we necked

up a storm. That chick really grooved! She reached down and took my (penis) in her hand while we were kissing. It was pretty obvious that I was ready for Freddy, and she dropped down to her knees and started (performing fellatio). That was the damndest thing! Here I was leaning on a piano in a room full of people, and some chick is on her knees (performing fellatio)! To top it all off, I was standing there watching a half dozen couples screwing. She reached up and pulled me down on the floor. There wasn't much choice. If I wanted to lay her, it had to be right there on the floor in front of everyone. By that time I was so damned excited I didn't care. I flipped her over on her back and made love to her.

AUTHOR: Were you embarrassed by the act?

JACK: I don't think I was at that very moment, no. When I'm grooving with a chick there's no one else in the world anyway. There aren't any Red Chinese, Vietnamese, H-Bombs or anything; just me and the chick. Actually, I enjoyed balling with that chick. She was something else! What I did not dig was the rest of the scene. After we were finished, the chick got up and went over to another man and started giving him some head. I figured that was her bag, and she could do what she wanted to. About that time, the little blonde came over from the couch and started giving me some head. She didn't introduce herself, say hello, or anything. She just sits down next to me on the floor and starts (performing fellatio). Now, I

don't want to sound like some lame soul whose all hung-up on formality, but I at least like to have some exchange with a chick before we start balling. I mean, like you can at least say 'Hi' or something.

AUTHOR: Did you respond to this girl?

JACK: I'm not made of stone. Sure I did! She was cute, and she really knew what she was doing. Besides, I really didn't have too much choice. When she had me (erect), she just climbed on top and started (having intercourse).

AUTHOR: Did you have any other experiences that night?

JACK: There was one more after the blonde. Two chicks got me into a little threesome on the couch.

AUTHOR: How did this happen?

JACK: This sounds silly, but they were having a little argument over which one was the best at (performing fellatio). I was walking by the couch on my way back from the john, and they pulled me down to settle their argument. The bit was that they'd take turns doing that to me and I would judge who was the best.

AUTHOR: Was that all that happened?

JACK: Yes. I split out after that. It was almost four in the morning, and I'd had it.

AUTHOR: From what you have said, it sounds like you enjoyed the sex orgy.

JACK: Not really. I haven't been to another

one since, and I've been invited to a number of them. That will give you some idea of how much I enjoyed it.

AUTHOR: Give us your reaction then.

JACK: Well, I don't know how good I'll be at trying to explain this. I really dig sex. It's just about the ultimate way two people can groove together. But I guess I look at sex as something sort of private between two people. There's nothing wrong about having sex in public, and if that's someone's bag, they're welcome to it. Everybody has the right to do what he or she wants to do. It's none of your business, or mine. But we've got the same right. For me, sex is something very personal. I enjoy all of the warm-up as much as I do the act itself. I like to take a chick out dancing, catch a show, or just drive and talk. That's all a part of it. You sort of build up to having sex, and you become emotionally as well as physically excited. In a sex orgy, that's all shot to hell. It's all very impersonal and very, very physical. I won't deny that's it's stimulating to watch some others making love. But it's a different type of stimulation. Perhaps the ultimate would be to have a real groovy chick you've been building a relationship with and take her to a sex orgy. Then just watch everybody until you and the chick were like out of your gord excited and leave. Go somewhere with the chick and have a long, private orgy. I think if you like sex just for the sake of sex, the orgy's the place for you. But if you want

a little more out of the relationship, you won't find it there.

AUTHOR: Then you really didn't enjoy the physical experiences you had at the orgy?

JACK: I enjoyed balling with that one chick, but the rest of it made me feel like a mechanical phallus.

Jack is typical of many of the hippies I interviewed who felt that the sex orgy was too "physical and impersonal." Many of them told me that they had participated in one or two orgies and then dropped out. Like Jack, they seem to feel that sex is a private affair between two people.

Much of this participation in group sex orgies seem to stem from a desire to experiment with all forms of behavior.

"Sure, I went to an orgy," said pretty, nineteen year-old Martha W. "I wanted to try everything. I still do, for that matter. I've even tried balling with another girl. How else can you find out what you like and dislike. If you're not willing to experiment, you might go through life just eating steak and potatos . . . The group sex thing is okay, but it's just not for me. I think I'm a little more spiritual about the whole idea of sex. I didn't care for my experience with another girl either, but I'm not sorry I tried it."

Each hippie has his or her own moral code, and the majority do not frequent the many sex parties given by the more swinging element of the hippie society.

CHAPTER THREE

"MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR"

The author interviewed 196 hippies (112 males and 84 females) in the preparation of this study. Excluding the overt sado-masochistic and homosexual personalities, the sample group is reduced to approximately 130 individuals. These 130 people represent approximately nineteen dwellings. Group sex is accepted behavior in seven of these nineteen communal dwellings, or in just a little over one third. Of the 130 individuals in the sample, 79 admitted group sex experience. Only 45, or 34%, had experienced more than one contact with group sexual activity. This 34% stated that they attended sex parties frequently.

While the remaining two thirds (represented in

both dwellings and individuals) embrace the philosophy of sexual freedom, they do not encourage nor engage in the more promiscuous sexual activity such as the open sex orgy.

In almost every dwelling I visited the living was coed, with boys and girl mixed without deference to sex. I use the word *dwelling* because some of the living conditions absolutely defy description. I found hippies living in rather modern apartments, old flats, ramshackled houses, and even lean-tos carefully hidden from the health authorities in back alleys and behind industrial buildings. Some were clean and tidy, others were filthy. It was not at all uncommon to find ten people sharing one bathroom.

Certain groups lived together without any sexual activity whatsoever. Others had a great deal of sexual activity, but this was limited to private affairs between individuals. Carl D., a twenty-three year-old drop-out from the University of Arizona, gives a good description of the sex life of a typical hippie. His story is also quite typical of what I heard from a number of his contemporaries.

"I never was a very good student," he said. "High school was a drag. I couldn't keep up with the class and had to go to summer school in order to make up courses so I could graduate. College was pretty much the same. I passed the entrance exams, but just barely. I started flunking courses right away. One day I looked at myself in the

mirror and asked myself what the hell I was doing there. Hell, I'm no genius. I'd never make an engineer or bank president, so what the hell was I doing taking up space at college?

"Once I'd made the decision, it was easy. I just split the scene like Robin hopping in the Batmobile. My aunt died when I was in my senior year at high school and left me some money. I'd used part of it getting into college, but I still had over three thousand left.

"... I knew I'd have to find some sort of a job and make my way, but first I wanted to have a ball. I didn't want to go to Europe or spend a whole lot of money. What I wanted to do was get out and meet a lot of interesting people. I wanted to see where I might fit in and be happy.

"First off, I went to Sunset Strip. That was just too damned expensive. The guys and gals really groove down there, but it costs a fortune. You can't even find a decent pad to share for less than $60 or $70 a month."

"A chick I grooved pretty often wanted to come up here to Hashbury, so we ended up hitchiking our way. Ive been here ever since."

I asked Carl if he had been living in the same pad ever since he arrived in San Francisco.

"Oh no, I've moved around quite a bit. It's pretty hard to stay permanent in one spot. So many kids come and go all the time. You may be sharing the rent with six people on an apartment. Be-

fore you know it, half of them are moving back home and your share of the rent goes up. Then you've either got to move or pay the higher rent, unless you can find a new roommate. This goes on all the time. I stayed in one old house for six months, but that's about the longest I've ever been holed up in one place. You know, a lot of the hippies are summer kids. They come out here to make the scene for the summer and then go home when school starts again. You wouldn't recognize this place in the winter. I bet there's only about 10% of us left after September.

"Then there's the fuz. A lot of kids get busted on pot. They picked up one of my roommates last week and we haven't seen him since. A lot of that goes on.

"That's one of the reasons a hippie doesn't have a lot of possessions. I keep everything I own in an old sea-bag. That way it's easy to move around."

Carl had this to say about his sex life.

"Listen, so much about all this sex business is distorted it isn't even funny. Sure, we all have sex, but not like the police and newspapers would have you believe. I seriously doubt that our sex life is any different than that you'd find in any other part of society. Ours just gets one hell of a lot more publicity, that's all.

"Would you believe that there are some virgins among the hippies? Sure there are. Not many, I'll admit, but some. I know a couple of guys

who've never laid a girl in their lives. And I know some girls who have never been laid. I guess virgins are pretty rare in any part of society today, but we've got a few.

"Some kids groove with sex, and some don't. It's kind of like grass. Some kids take a puff now and then, and others are pot heads and live on the stuff. We've got all kinds. Some chicks groove all the time, and others sort of hold out for someone special. I ran into the very same thing in college. We've even gots cats who dig that sadistic stuff. There's a group over on Fell Street who go big for the whips and ropes. These cats sort of stick together, and there's not too much of it around. Societys got the same thing. They've got their groups who go for all the weird crap."

"Sex, like almost everything else, is kind of an individual thing. You find what you like and hang around the gang who shares the same idea.

"One apartment I lived in was full of some likable nuts who were gung ho for the sex orgy scene. They had some group sex bit going almost every night. Well, I just don't dig that so I moved out. Most of the places aren't like that.

"... If you meet some chick you really dig, you try to groove out with sex. If she feels the same way, no hassle. If she doesn't groove, she'll let you know. The newspapers wouldn't believe this, but I've been turned down as often as I've been accepted. Some of these chicks are pretty damned

selective, believe me.

"Before you get the wrong impression, these kids don't have the old moral hang-ups about sex some of the lame ones do. It's not like that at all. Sex just isn't a Utopia—an end product—for most of us. Some of the kids are here just to get laid, but most of us really like the simple life. We just want to be left alone so that we can find out who we are and what we are.

"I've slept with dozens of chicks in different pads here and never had a one of them. Just because you share a bedroll doesn't mean you (have intercourse). That's one thing most of the lame ones will never undesrtand. They figure if you climb into bed with a chick, you just have to (have intercourse with) her. I think that's the best thing about being sexually liberated. You don't have to (have intercourse with) every girl you see. You're not all hung up with frustrations.

"I know a lot of people say we have sex more often than kids in college do, and that's probably true. It isn't because we're more promiscuous, though. I think it's because we have more opportunities. We can ball whenever we damn well feel like it. And that's hard to do when you're wearing the education bag. Another thing is that we don't make a big deal out of sex. If you want to ball, you ball — and nobody makes a big production out of it.

"Right now I'm living with five girls and three other guys. I ball with two of the chicks pretty

regularly, but I haven't even so much as kissed the other three. Either they're not interested, or I'm not. The two chicks I ball with never get jealous of each other. One of them balls with all kinds of guys, but it doesn't make me mad or 'jealous.

"One of the chicks in our pad is a virgin. At least she says she is, and we all respect her right to be what she wants. Most pads are just like the one I live in. You do just exactly what you want, and nobody bothers you."

Carl's parallel between the sex life of the hippies and sex life among today's college students is interesting. While many of us feel that the hippies live a wild, sensual life based on promiscuous sexual activity, the author's observations of life among the hippies did not substantiate this. It is true that as a group the hippies are less inhibited, but the sex lives the majority lead seem to differ very little from those of the same age group in straight society.

Let's stop briefly on our journey through the interviews and analyze some of the facts.

CHAPTER FOUR

NEW MORALS

For a number of centuries, man has lived under what is called the Protestant Ethic, a philosophy of moderation. The Protestant Ethic stressed the more somber virtues like a good day's work well done, and the idea that a good man always earned more than his pay. It also laid down a strict code for moral behavior. Sex was for procreation and could be enjoyed only with the sanctity of marriage. Virtue, no matter how it was obtained, was worth more than pleasure. The only sexual conduct condoned was between married people, and then only the single act of intercourse with the male on top and the female beneath.

Sexual conduct outside of marirage was not

only frowned on, but made illegal through legislation.

During the last century and a half, man has slowly moved from the Protestant Ethic to what is now called the Social Ethic. The famous philosopher William F. Whyte pointed out that in the twentieth century, religion and work lost their potency in our everyday ethos and we gave way to a sort of jocular, benign, superficial, "we're all in the same boat," goodwill. The legal restrictions on moral behavior from the Protestant Ethic remain on the books and in the minds of many. The laws in this country still reflect the demanded sexual virtue of the Protestant Ethic.

If an unmarried couple engage in sexual intercourse they can be arrested and convicted of fornication in every state of the United States. If a married couple perform oral sex acts on each other they can be arrested and convicted of sodomy in almost every state in the union. If a woman has sexual intercourse with a number of men, she can be arrested as a prostitute — even if she acted only for her own pleasure and did not receive a dime for what she did. Slowly, too slowly, these laws are being changed to meet the current ethic of our time.

When Dr. Kinsey and his associates published their report, SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN THE HUMAN MALE, in 1948, we learned that the actual sexual conduct in this country differed vastly from the moral codes. Society learned what it had

long suspected, over half the married men in this country engaged in extramarital affairs and were guilty of adultery. A majority of the males sampled had premarital sexual experiences. Some 26% of the males had experienced a homosexual contact, and 96% masturbated at one time or another. Puritans were shocked and efforts were made to suppress Kinsey's work. One Congress man even tried to have the book banned in the U.S. mails.

An even greater shock was in store, however. For when the Kinsey group published their report on the SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN THE HUMAN FEMALE in 1953, we suddenly learned that women were guilty of much the same conduct. Over one out of every four females had experienced an extramarital affair. It was also revealed that premarital sex was practiced by a vast number of women in this country. While men and women reacted to different sexual stimulants, both sexes were sexually active.

Perhaps the single most important value of the Kinsey reports was that they brought sexual behavior out into the open. Sex could be discussed and analyzed, and new standards of morality could subsequently be established.

During the almost two decades following the Kinsey report, we have made outstanding progress in understanding human sexual behavior. We have learned, for instance, that over fifteen million Americans are homosexual.* As many as

twelve million Americans are involved in wife-swapping.** Our knowledge of the sex act itself has increased. We now know, for example, that the vaginal and clitoral orgasm in the female are of the same intensity.***

We now know that masturbation is not only perfectly normal but is practiced by almost every human being.* We have discovered that premarital sex, while not formally accepted by all members of society, is very much in vogue. Oral sex, which is condemned by law, is accepted by most marriage counselors and sociologists as normal behavior.**

The facts continue to pile and traditional concepts of moral behavior are toppled in the avalanche of the modern sexual revolution.

Make no mistake about it. This is a revolution, and battles are being fought on all fronts throughout our society. The casualties are high as certain rebels come to grips with the traditionally conservative authorities, are arrested, convicted

*THE HOMOSEXUAL EXPLOSION, Dr. Roger Blake.

**SWAP CLUBS, William and Jerrye Breedlove.

***HUMAN SEXUAL RESPONSE, Masters and Johnson.

*PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX, Havelock Ellis.

**A TO Z OF LOVE, Drs. Matt & Kathleen Galant

and sent to jail for beliefs and acts which in a few short years will be considered absolutely normal. These victims are labeled degenerate by one side and visionary by the other. All of this is the result of change, and change is the primary ingredient of progress. A dialectic cycle exists in which the followers of the visionary who is jailed today will jail the next visionary a hundred years down the road. How else could it be in the history of revolution and social change?

Meanwhile the gap between the generations widens. The older generation view the hippies with alarm. They feel that the younger generation is busy destroying everything of value in society. Times are good, luxury is a way of life and the older generation wants to maintain the status quo.

The younger generation is not satisfied with the status quo. They say:

"Look at you, blowing up whole countries for the sake of some crazy ideologies that you don't live up to anyway. Look at you, brainwashing a whole generation of kids into getting a revolving charge account and buying your junk. (Who's a junkie?) Look at you, needing a couple of stiff drinks before you have the balls to talk to another human being. Look at you, making it with your neighbor's wife on the sly just to try to prove that you're really alive. Look at you, hooked on *your* cafeteria of pills, and making up dirty names for anybody who isn't in your bag, and screwing up the land and the water and the

air for profit, and calling this nowhere scene the Great Society! *And you're gonna tell us how to live?* C'mon, man, you've got to be kidding!" *

A member of the establishment in turn replied: "Well, what are you doing that's so meaningful? Aren't you maybe on a hundred roads to nowhere, too? At least we're doing something, even if it's wrong. What have you done?"**

And the batle rages on. Hippies are arrested for using pot, but they know that pot is non-addictive and harmless. Homosexuals are arrested for their sexual acts, and yet they feel deep down inside that the constitution guarantees them the right to individual privacy. And the generation gap widens. If the laws are unjust and wrong, how can citizens be expected to obey the laws and respect authority?***

What it all boils down to is that we are evolving a new code for moral behavior. Can something be wrong if a majority of the people do it? Is it wrong to be against war? Is it wrong to advocate sexual freedom, when the majority of people practice it — regardless of the morality? No single individual writes the code for moral behavior; it

*IT'S HAPPENING, J.L. Simmons and Barry Winograd

**SENSUAL SUNSET STRIP, Gil and Ann Chapman.

***PRESIDENT'S CRIME COMMISSION, Washington, D.C., 1967

is written through the deeds, beliefs and acts of the majority of the people. The games people play become the accepted games for society. The problem is that there is a vast time-lag between the practice and the evolution of the code. In this time-lag lies the state of limbo in which we find ourselves today.

What was abnormal a few years ago is normal today because a majority are doing it. No matter what kind of mumbo-jumbo you see or hear, normalcy in the human being can only be gauged by what the majority do. If the majority of human beings eat and enjoy ice cream, but some hard-headed square feels ice cream is immoral; the majority must rule. Oh, the ice cream hater may scream and rave, but the majority will go its way, ignoring him his effort to fit his square mind in a round world.

Both sides protest, and moderation usually wins out. The die-hard conservatives scream that the hippies are communist inspired because they advocate peace and sexual freedom. Would they have us believe that democracy is based on war and an asexual society? The hippies counter that the older generation is losing its grip on the reins of society and are using every means they can find to combat truth.

In truth, both sides are simply protesting. The protest in both instances is against change.

With all of this in mind, it is virtually impossible to say what is normal and abnormal in so-

ciety. Let's take a brief moment out to analyze the individual cases we have interviewed thus far in the book.

Marge W., the attractive, eighteen year-old girl from Portland, Oregon, is more typical of today's teenager than some might like to imagine. She began her sex life with masturbation at age twelve, and learned how to perform fellatio when she was thirteen. None of this is particularly shocking in light of current sexual research. Dr. Kinsey pointed out that at least 62% of the females in his sample admitted to masturbation some time during their life. Havelock Ellis points out that most young people begin masturbation soon after they reach puberty. Sexual researchers have also discovered that the oral sex act of fellatio is quite popular among the younger generation. Many young girls perform this act rather than submit to intercourse and possible pregnancy. A number of recent studies have revealed that this act is practiced by over fifty per cent of the modern teenagers.*

Admittedly, Marge began her heterosexual life much earlier than most. This was more than likely a combination of rebellion against her family and a desire to be a part of the gang. This desire to conform to what others her age do is quite evident throughout Marge's history.

*SEX LIFE OF AMERICAN COLLEGE MEN, Lisa Damlier.

The conflict between Marge and her parents

was heightened when her mother discovered that she was using birth control pills. American youth are the best educated in the world today. They understand both procreation and contraception. The majority of modern youngsters use whatever form of contraceptive device they can obtain. And while the birth control pills are by prescription only, most girls can find a way to have this item made available to them. Certainly parents should be glad that their children take precaution against pregnancy. If the children are going to engage in sexual activity anyway, and the majority do, then contraceptives are both sensible and practical. Marge's parents, however, reacted to the fact that their daughter was engaging in any form of sexual activity. This was perhaps symptomatic of two things: 1. a deep seated conflict between child and parent, of which the sexual conduct was simply a manifestation, 2. a strict adherence to traditional codes for the sake of appearances.

Regardless of the motive, the active criticism of Marge by her mother split the young girl from the family. From that point on, Marge's actions were all simply a form of rebelling against the family. She ran away and deliberately joined the hippies, an element of society her parents often voiced disapproval of.

Having letf the family, Marge was alone in the world. When she met Phyllis and Guy, Marge was ready and willing to do anything to conform to her new friends. She said that she was em-

barrassed watching her friends engaged in sexual acts, but she willingly allowed them to persuade her to join them. Marge spoke of her mental confusion at this point. She thought that what she had done was wrong (the result of her traditional upbringing), and said that she had trouble adjusting. What she was actually doing was denying her previous code of sexual ethics and developing a new one. As she embraced the new "hang loose" philosophy, Marge threw herself into extremes in experimenting with a new way of life. She joined her friends in group sex, which in her mind represented the ultimate form of rebellion against her parents and their authority. This was also a manifestation of Marge's desire to be "in" with the modern hippie group.

We find much the same generation gap in Sherry's case. Her rebellion was not as frantic as Marge's (Sherry said that she only intended to spend the summer, before she entered college, with the hippies). Sherry was also willing to participate in group sex out of a desire to conform to her contemporaries. She states quite emphatically, however, that she much prefers "private sex."

Sherry is quite candid in admitting that watching others engaged in sexual acts serves to stimulate her. This admission of voyeurism is interesting. Sherry admitted to several peeping incidents in her youth, and it would appear that this particular personality trait has remained with her.

In both Marge and Sherry we find what would appear to be average teenagers with normal backgrounds. Their sexual activity with the hippies, with the exception of group sex, is no different than they had already experienced in their hometowns. Neither girl felt that her sexual life had increased greatly since joining the hippies.

The group sexual activity can best be explained as a manifestation of individual insecurity. In almost all cases, the individuals who participate in sex orgies do so out of a fear that they will be able to cope with an inter-personal relationship alone. As Drs. Matt & Kathleen Galant have pointed out in several of their studies on sexual behavior, a fear of impotency and sexual inadequacy also enters into the individual's desire for group sexual contact.

As we witnessed, the majority of the hippies who participate in group sex at all do so out of a desire to experiment. And the majority who experiment in this manner do not find it to their individual liking.

Maria, the petite Mexican exchange student, could well be the most mentally disturbed girl in this group. Maria claims that she is a hedonist, saying that for her sex is entirely a physical act. She said that she had reached a stage of sexual sophistication wherein she was able to completely separate the physical and mental aspects of sex. While she admits that she is experimenting, Maria claims that she finds the most pleasure in

group sex. Maria's background is of strict Catholic training. Her rebellion against her early teaching and the Catholic Ethic is such that she is reaching for the furthest extreme.

Modern science has revealed that sex is as much, if not more, emotional as it is physical.* Anyone who claims to have separated the emotional from the physical in the realm of sexual behavior is merely trying to repress any emotional involvement. Maria intimates that she is seeking the perfect mate for marriage, but it is doubtful she will ever find this in her present emotional state.

Maria is not unique. There are millions of men and women who share her frustration with relation to the emotional side of their nature.

Jack, the twenty year-old University of California student, is an excellent example of a person who recognizes the close emotional-physical link in sexual behavior. Jack enjoyed his sexual contact with the first girl at the sex orgy he attended, but this was because he and the girl had developed an emotional contact during the course of the evening. When he had sexual contact with the other girls, with whom no such contact had been established, he found the experience less than satisfying. As a result, Jack did not attend other orgies to which he was invited.

Jack's description of how he likes to become in-

*HUMAN SEXUAL RESPONSE, Masters & Johnson.

volved with a girl he intends to have a sexual experience with follows the more accepted behavior pattern of society. Although Jack believes in sexual freedom, he still feels the sex act should be the result of a relationship rather than the end unto itself.

Carl was perhaps the most typical hippie I interviewed. Here was a young man who found that he could not fit in with normal society. He had trouble with his studies in school and constantly fought the feeling that he was somehow different. Unable to gain recognition in college through the normal channels, Carl decided to drop out. To make his drop out complete, Carl headed for the one place he knew he would be able to gain recognition: among the social misfits.

Carl's problems no doubt began with his inability to establish a close relationship within his family. During the interview he often evidenced animosity towards his father. In Carl's words, "My father was a perfectionist. He wanted everything to be just so, and he had great ideas about what I was supposed to be. Well, it didn't work out that way, and that's that."

Carl's description of the sex life among the hippies proved valid at every step of my investigation. The wild sex life had been grossly exaggerated, and sex took place among the hippies very much as it did in normal society.

I also found Carl's statement about boys and

girls sleeping together without any sexual contact completely valid in many instances. In dwelling after dwelling, I found this to be the case. And it became apparent to me that although the hippies were rejecting society's moral codes, each individual had established a code of his or her own, often more rigid and demanding than that of society.

Yes, a new set of morals are being written, but no one is quite ready to define them as yet. The actual sexual conduct among the hippies, however, differs only slightly from that in straight society. There are sado-masochists, homosexuals and other perverted personalities among the hippies and these will be discussed in succeeding chapters. The majority, however, follow much the same behavior pattern we find in everyday life. The most striking difference is that the hippies are more open about sex, discuss it quite freely and are much less inhibited.

As long as sexual freedom is practiced openly in high school and college, we can hardly condemn the hippies for doing the same things.

CHAPTER FIVE

MARIJUANA

Much has been written about the relationship between drugs and sex. The hippies claim that all of this has been highly distorted, and say that there is no real link between the two. The facts, however, seem to indicate just the opposite.

"It's so beautiful — how do you describe it?" said Joanne H., a junior at Stanford University who spent her entire summer vacation living with hippies in San Francisco.

"You take one puff of grass and suddenly you're all warm and cozy. No — maybe comfortable is a better word. Of course, it doesn't work that way all the time. I remember my first experience with grass. I was all set to be turned on and I smoked

almost one entire stick before I just finally gave up. Nothing happened. Not one thing! I just sat there and didn't even get high.

"It worried me until I found out that this happens to a lot of people on the first attempt to trip out with grass. Your mind and your body have to be ready for it. Sometimes people go three or four times before they feel a thing . . .

"I don't really know if I can describe a trip. It's a real groovy experience, and unless you've been there you just wouldn't understand. For one thing, it feels like someone has put a tight band around your head. The tighter the band feels, the higher you are. Mainly, grass gives you a feeling of well being. You're not involved with all the hassles of life. Things don't bother you hardly at all, and your perception is changed. I don't really know if I can explain this. You know, a lot of musicians use pot. Well, the reason is that it either speeds up your perception so that you can keep up with even the most complicated progressions, or it slows the things around you down so that you feel you can keep up. Let's say you have a very complicated chord progression in music. When you're down, your mind has trouble keeping up. But when you're up on pot, it suddenly becomes very simple. That probably doesn't make a whole lot of sense, but if you tried pot, you'd know what I mean.

". . . As far as producing physical sensations, the only ones I know of are that feeling of well

being and a terrific appetite. You feel as though you could eat a horse when you're on a grass trip! I mean it! I've gone into a restaurant with some kids and eaten two steaks when I was grass high. Normally, I have trouble finishing one steak.

"Sex with pot is something else! It doesn't make you any sexier, or make you feel like you just have to be laid. It's nothing like that at all. What grass does do is let you hair down — you blow your cool and drop all the inhibitions. I guess what I am trying to say it that it makes you able to say and do the things you normally would want to, but were repressing in some idiot desire to appear normal ... The sex act itself is the greatest. This is because your perception is slowed down. When you have a climax, it seem like it will last for hours. And I think the climax is more intense — much more."

David L., a nineteen year-old first year student at U.C.L.A., describes his first sexual experience while under the influence of marijuana.

"Nothing to equal that had ever happened to me before," he said. "I met this chick at a party on Sunset and asked her for a date the next night. We went to Gazzari's and danced for a while, then I talked her into heading for my pad. She had some reefers and offered me one. I'd tried them a couple of times before, but it was nothing very spectacular for me. This time I got so high I thought I was going to float right out of the room. She was as high as I was, and she started doing a

strip. We hadn't even kissed and I hadn't made a pass at her, but she just started stripping. The funny thing was that it seemed perfectly normal to me. She had one hell of a body, and there was nothing I wanted more than to see her nude."

"When she got down to the raw, she came over and began kidding around with me. We kissed, and that was something else again! When she put her tongue in my mouth I felt like I was going to explode! That sounds silly because I've kissed plenty of girls and never had quite that same sensation. I could feel every pore on her tongue, and when our tongues came together it felt like they were locked with some strong cement.

"The most difficult thing to describe is that I felt like I was two people. One of me was there physically, kissing and playing with her body. The other was standing outside watching everything. That's the craziest feeling!

". . . I played with her (breasts) for a while and even put one in my mouth. She sort of squeaked and kept saying that she couldn't stand it. For a while I thought it was some sort of an act. A girl just doesn't get that hot that quick. But she was! She was moaning and making little cooing sounds and her breath was coming faster. Finally she sort of pulled away from me and made me get undressed. She helped me pull my pants off, and then she went down on me. I've had lots of girls do that to me, but never like that! It was as is every sensation was magnified ten times. She used

her tongue a lot, and it felt like very fine sandpaper. Not that it hurt, but you could feel every bit of it working on you.

"She kept that up for what seemed like an hour. I thought I would go out of my mind a couple of times, but I managed to hold out. She wanted me to (reach a climax) and she kept both of her hands busy while she used that fantastic mouth. Pretty soon she shifted around so that I could do the same thing to her while she was working on me. I went at her without any mercy, and I know she (climaxed) at least twice while I was doing that to her.

"I don't know how long we were at it, but it seemed like hours. I'd get close to a peak and then slide back down. That just kept going on and on. She was the one who finally broke it up by rolling over on her back and pleading with me to (have intercourse with) her. I didn't need much urging, believe me. I was as ready as she was!

"This is the part I don't think anybody could really describe. You know how you can usually feel it on one side or one part as you go in and out of a girl? Well, with this chick I could feel every inch of her all round me. And the more you move, the tighter it becomes. There's nothing like it in the world. You feel like you're a part of each other, like you're plugged into some wild love machine. It's really that great.

"The orgasm is the wildest. Normally, how

long does one last? Maybe ten seconds, right? Well, when you're up on a trip you have an orgasm, it lasts like forever! You just keep climaxing and climaxing. And you don't feel it just in your (penis). It shoots all through your body — right from your toes to your scalp!"

Mary K., a twenty-two year-old college senior, describes the sexual effect marijuana has on her.

"I don't think pot makes you any more sexy than you already are," she said. "If you're frigid, pot won't cure that. And if you're horny, pot won't make it any better or worse. I think what happens is that you just drop all of your hang-ups about sex and let yourself go.

"I've seen girls at a grass party pull their panties off and masturbate themselves with everybody watching. Nobody pays much attention to that sort of thing. If masturbating is your bag, nobody's going to put you down. These girls are just afraid of intercourse and the natural thing for them to do when they're horny is to masturbate, that's all. The grass didn't make them horny; they were already that way. All the grass did was loosen them up so they didn't care what others thought.

"Some grass parties have a lot of sex. Some don't have any. It all depends on the people and the mood they're in. Mostly, people sort of get tuned in and turned on at the pot parties and then split out with someone for a real personal type evening . . .

"It's not true to say that grass makes you sexy because it really doesn't. Lots of times I don't want any sex at all. I just want to sit and listen to groovy music or dig a deep conversation, or just relax and be at peace with the world. When I'm like that, sex is the furthest thing from my mind.

"When I feel sexy, then grass really sends me on a sex trip. I don't feel like I want to rape anybody or get into some big hassle about sex, but if a man is even just reasonably attractive to me and he wants to ball, I'm ready! I know I do a lot of things in sex with pot that I wouldn't probably do when I'm down. For instance, I get this crazy, wild urge to (perform fellatio). I'll do that when I'm not on a trip, but it's not the same. When I'm on a trip, I just want to (fellate) the man until he explodes.

"The main thing about sex on a trip is that your entire body tingles. Each sensation is about ten times as powerful."

While sex is not the primary purpose for the use of marijuana, there is a definite link between the two. The majority of hippies smoke marijuana as a means of escape. Almost every one describes the feeling of well-being they receive from pot. Equally important is the fact that the use of marijuana by the hippies is another form of protest against the establishment.

Tripping out is nothing new. Every generation does it in one way or another. Some read, see

movies, watch television or travel. Others drink, use marijuana, acid or sex as a means of escape. The end result is the same, no matter what road you use to get there. When your senses or thoughts are carried away by a sunset or a pretty girl passing, and you're no longer a dispassionate observer but carried along as a sort of psychic participant in an outgoing occurrence, you're tripping out. We've all had the experience a number of times, but the hippies self-induce this type of euphoria with drugs. Other people do much the same thing with alcohol.

The one thing you hear time and time again in any discussion about marijuana with a hippie is that the drug is actually harmless and non-addictive. "Legalize Pot" is a favorite slogan of the hippies, and they draw a pretty convincing argument. They cite the fact that a commission in Panama in 1925 completed a lengthy study of marijuana and reported that it was non-addictative. Copies of the famous 1942 La Guardia report are constantly circulated among hippies. In the late 1930's Mayor LaGuardia in New York formed a committee to study the use of marijuana in New York City. The results of this study were first published in 1942, and the introduction and summary are well worth repeating.

"As Mayor of the City of New York, it is my duty to foresee and take steps to prevent the development of hazards to the health, safety, and welfare of our citizens. When rumors were re-

cently circulated concerning the smoking of marijuana by large segments of our population and even by school children, I sought advice from The New York Academy of Medicine as is my custom when confronted with problems of medical import. On the Academy's recommendation I appointed a special committee to make a thorough sociological and scientific investigation and secured funds from three foundations with which to finance these studies.

"My own interest in marijuana goes back many years to the time I was a member of the House of Representatives and in that capacity heard of the use of marijuana by soldiers stationed in Panama. I was impressed at that time with the report of an Army Board of Inquiry which emphasized the relative harmlessness of the drug and the fact that it played a very little role, if any, in problems of delinquency and crime in the Canal Zone.

"The report of the present investigators covers every phase of the problem and is of practical value not only to our own city but to communities throughout the country. It is a basic contribution to medicine and pharmacology.

"I am glad that the sociological, psychological, and medical ills commonly attributed to marijuana have been found to be exaggerated insofar as the City of New York is concerned. I hasten to point, however, that the findings are to be interpreted only as a reassuring report of progress and

not as an encouragement to indulgence, for I shall continue to enforce the laws prohibiting the use of marijuana until and if complete findings may justify an amendment to existing laws. The scientific part of the research will be continued in the hope that the drug may prove useful for the control of drug addiction.

"I take this occasion to express my appreciations and gratitude to the members of my committee, to the New York Academy of Medicine, and to the Commonwealth Fund, the Friedsam Foundation, and the New York Foundation which supported these important investigations so generously.

F.H. LaGuardia
Mayor."

The following is a brief summary of the committee's published report:

"1. Marijuana is used extensively in the borough of Manhattan, but the problem is not acute as it is reported to be in other sections of the United States.

2. The introduction of marijuana into this area is recent as compared to other localities.

3. The cost of marijuana is low and therefore within the purchasing power of most persons.

4. The distribution and use of marijuana is centered in Harlem.

5. The majority of marijuana smokers are Negroes and Latin-Americans.

6. The consensus among marijuana smokers is that the use of the drug creates a definite feeling of adequacy.

7. The practice of smoking marijuana does not lead to addiction in the medical sense of the word.

8. The sale and distribution of marijuana is not under the control of any single organized group.

9. The use of marijuana does not lead to morphine or heroin or cocaine addiction and no effort is made to create a market for these narcotics by stimulating the practice of marijuana smoking.

10. Marijuana is not the determining factor in the commission of major crimes.

11. Marijuana smoking is not widespread among school children.

12. Juvenile delinquency is not associated with the practice of smoking marijuana.

13. The publicity concerning the catastrophic effects of marijuana smoking in New York City is unfounded."

The LaGuardia Committee also commented that they could not find a real link between marijuana smoking and erotic behavior.

A more up-to-date statement on the use of marijuana comes from the White House Conference of Narcotic and Drug Abuse held on September 27-28, 1962, which said: "It is the opinion of the Panel that the hazards of marijuana per se have been exaggerated and the long criminal sentences imposed on an occasional user or possessor of the

drug are in poor social perspective. Although marijuana has long held the reputation of inciting individuals to commit sexual offenses and other anti-social acts, the evidence is inadequate to substantiate this. Tolerance and physical dependence do not develop and withdrawal does not produce an abstinence syndrome."

It doesn't take long to see that there is conclusive evidence available to prove that marijuana is harmless. Alcohol, for example, is much more harmful in light of the scientific proof of the physical damage it can cause to the human body. Still the marijuana laws remain on the books and arrests pile up each year. At this moment, there are over 7,000 people in California jails for possession or use of marijuana. Some 64% of these are under twenty-five years of age, and arrests for marijuana use have increased in California alone over 500% since 1962.*

The argument for keeping the marijuana laws on the books and enforcing them is the belief that use often leads to use of other, more powerful and dangerous drugs. This argument is without foundation, however. "There are too many marijuana users who do not graduate to heroin, and too many heroin addicts with no prior marijuana use, to support such a theory," said President Johnson's Commission on Law Enforcement this year. The Commission recommended reductions and revisions in the laws.

*SAN FRANCISCO MAGAZINE, 1967

"Make pot legal and you'd bankrupt the booze bottlers overnight!" said Edward S., an associate professor at a Northern California college. "Have you any idea what the federal government collected in liquor taxes last year? I'll tell you. They collected over four *billion dollars*. That's just the federal taxes. The various States filled their pockets with some healthy sums too.

"If the world suddenly turned on with pot, the alcohol industry would fold up. There's no hangover or physical damage with pot, and it's cheap. Anybody could grow it in their backyard. That's the main reason why they can't legalize it; they'd never be able to control the taxation!"

Meanwhile, the pot battle rages between the hippies and the establishment. The hippies are convinced that the law is wrong, and they're equally convinced that the law is there to protect private interest such as the liquor industry. The harder the authorities crack down on marijuana, the larger the gap becomes. The hippies feel that if one law is so obviously wrong, others must be the same. They strengthen their resolve to rebel against all authority, and part of our social structure crumbles as a result.

When authority is used unjustly and the social ethic deteriorates, is it any wonder we have riots in our major cities? These social disorders are attributed to racial problems, peace marches or civil demonstrations, but the true cause is a breakdown between society and the individual citizen.

During my investigation of the hippie movement, I found marijuana enjoyed widespread popularity and use. And while admittedly I saw widespread use of marijuana without any sexual connection, I personally believe that there is a link between eroticism and the drug. I hasten to point out that it is not my opinion that marijuana leads to sexuality. I do feel, however, that in removing the inhibitions of the individual, marijuana increases the individual's number of sexual experiences.

CHAPTER SIX

LSD

Ten times more potent than marijuana is the increasingly popular LSD. And while much is known about marijuana, very little is known about this powerful new drug. Lysergic Acid Diethylamide (LSD), known as the "mind detergent," is relatively simple to produce. Lysergic acid is derived from a parasitic fungus that grows on rye. This is mixed with volatile diethylamine and then frozen. The resulting LSD is extracted by using chloroform or benzine for fractional distillation. A simple vacuum evaporator may be used, but this method is less efficient.

Although there is a great deal of argument about this, LSD is generally considered a hal-

lucinogen, producing complex hallucinations in the mind of the user.

The difference between acid and pot is that of day and night. Although they are used for the same exect, to trip out and escape, the two drugs work in completely different channels and produce different results. A marijuana trip, for example, can last from half an hour to three or four hours depending on a number of factors. An LSD trip, on the other hand lasts from six to eight hours. The hallucinations produced by LSD often make the individual believe that he or she is capable of acts which are not physically possible for the human being. We have all seen the headlines about the various individuals who have jumped to their death from windows believing they could fly.

All evidence indicates that LSD is non-addictive, but scientists have seen enough instances of body injury to strongly suspect that LSD can be dangerous for the user. Recent scientific data would also tend to indicate that LSD can produce serious brain damage and even effect the chromosones which might be responsible for the birth of mentally retarded children. The hippies claim that all this evidence is inconclusive, which is quite true. The dangers for the user, however, are such that the authorities have recently passed legislation which makes LSD illegal.

My observations among the hippies convinced me that LSD enjoys wide use in that set. Although illegal, acid is quite easy to come by. It's

a little more expensive than pot, but produces a much longer trip and therefore is used less often. Scientists have not yet discovered any actual link between LSD and erotic behavior, but sex often accompanies the LSD trip, and the drug has a pronounced effect on the enjoyment of sex. Like marijuana it destroys the inhibitions and causes the user to do things he or she would not normally do.

"Man, on acid you really groove!" said Sid W., a twenty-one year-old college drop out, giving me his description of an LSD trip.

"You groove way out of this world — and you never, never want to come back. A tab takes about a half hour to turn you on, and then you're gone — real gone. I've never had a bum trip or a freakout, so I couldn't tell you what that's like. Some cats say it's pretty bad when you bum one. My trips have all been groovy . . .

"All sorts of things happen to you, but not in any special order. Like, there's color — and what color! It sort of comes in flashes and lights you up. I've stood outside and looked up into the sky and seen all these brilliant colors — orange, green, blue, purple — you name it. They're not solid, but they sort of make patterns like you might see in a kaleidoscope. It's sort of like your own special show. You don't have to look at the sky you can see the color flashes anywhere — on the wall, or even by just closing your eyes. They come from inside you, and it's just beautiful!

". . . Then you get to laughing sometimes and you can't stop. Everything is funny, I mean everything. You just start giggling and you can't stop. You feel so good, and everything is so funny . . . Some cats on a bad trip start crying, and they can't stop either.

"One of the big things is this acute awareness of everything. Let's say you're wearing a neat sport shirt. When you're down, the shirt is nice but average. You may know it's a blend of silk and some synthetic, but you don't pay much attention beyond that. When you groove out, you become very aware of the shirt. You know each thread in the weave and it seems like the texture is a part of you. You can look at a painting and be aware of every damned brush stroke. And music! Well, you've never really heard music until you trip out on acid. It's just something else. You hear every instrument, not just one big sound. It's fantastic!

". . . Then, there's this feeling of being super. Man, I'm Superman, Batman and Captain Marvel all rolled into one when I'm on an acid trip. You feel like there's absolutely nothing you can't do. A couple of weeks ago I jumped in the ocean with all my clothes on. I swore I could swim to China, and I set out to prove it. Of course, I didn't get more than fifty feet or so before some friends pulled me back to shore, but I tried. I also ruined my favorite outfit on that little caper. You get sort of mad at yourself afterwards, but when

you're up there nothing matters at all.

"... I think the important thing about acid is that you get away from all the hassles when you groove out. All the ugliness of life vanishes, and things become peaceful and beautiful. That's important."

In response to my question about how LSD effected sexual activity, Sid said:

"Man, you need a poet to describe that, not some lug like me. Sex is so cool, so great, such a terrific blast on LSD you just can't believe it! A guy could get all hung up with a chick when they ball with acid. I mean it! It happened to me.

"I was at this acid party over in Berkeley and I got all hung up with a chick. We went together for a couple of months. It was the first time either one of us had taken the sex trip on acid, and we grooved and grooved until we both thought the world was coming to a big fat halt.

"I'm not very good with the fancy words, but I'll try to describe it. I went solo to the blast and connected up with this chick right at the start. We talked the same language and liked the same things. Both of us took a whole tab, and we were higher than a couple of astronauts—I mean in orbit. Everybody at the blast was that way — as high as hell, and some pretty weird stuff was going on. A couple of cats were doing some of that modern dance. They were professionals or something because they were damned good. One little redhead did a strip, and I think that's what got

the sex scene turned on. A guy stripped down and started playing with her — and she was really ready. She kept saying, 'Won't somebody (have intercourse with) me? I want to (have intercourse).' She didn't have to go begging long, a couple of guys were as ready as she was. She took on two of them right in the center of the living room. One guy sat in a chair and she gave him some head while the other guy got behind her and shoved to her.

"As I said, that set things up. Some of the others began dropping their threads and having at it. Watching all that got me as horny as hell, but I had no idea how the chick I had been talking to would react. I'm not the world's greatest cocksman, and I was trying to figure out how to get her going. She took care of that. She just reached over in my lap and started playing with my (penis). She didn't make any bones about. She just reached down and got a firm grip on it, then unzipped my pants and took it out. 'Ummm,' she said, 'that's just what I need.' Then she went down on me.

"Now I'll tell you something. (Fellatio) on acid is enough to make a man crawl right out of his skin. 'You've never had anything feel that good in your life! I let my head fall on the back of the couch and drifted off while she sent me on a trip I'll never forget. Pretty soon she said, 'You know, we're the only ones in the room with any clothes on? What do you think of that?'

"It didn't take us long to get like the rest of the cats. When we were naked, she told me she wanted me to go down on her. Usually I don't go in for that much, but that time I really enjoyed doing it.

"You've seen movies when they show them in slow motion, haven't you? When a guy lifts his arm to hit another guy it takes a long time and you see each step very slowly. Acid does this to you sometimes. It did it to me that night with the chick. Everything we did seemed to be in slow motion. When she was giving me head it seemed like her head was moving up and down at about an inch an hour. Then, when we finally got down to (having intercourse), it was all in real slow motion. She climbed on top of me and I could watch my (penis) going up her (vagina). Each stroke seemed like it was done under water —real smooth but very slow.

"I only wish I had the words to describe how all this feels. You know how it feels when you're slipping it to a chick? It's good, then better, then almost out in orbit, and then you explode, right? The orbit part doesn't last long, but it's great, right? Well, with acid you get to the orbit stage almost as soon as you get in there. There's no big buildup. It starts off at a peak, but it stays there as long as you can take it. I mean you go on and on and on. It's so good you can feel your toes curl up. Even your scalp tingles a little — really! It's like the climax you would normally have, except

this keeps on and on.

"And the climax! When you get there, you explode. But it's not like a normal climax at all. It's like someone set a skyrocket off inside you and it keeps bursting and bursting. I've never timed it or anything, but I'd guess that you must climax for five minutes or more. At least it sure feels like that long!

"Well, this chick and I had quite a session. I'd never experienced anything like that with a chick before and I thought she was some kind of superlay. It was her first session with acid and sex, and she thought the same thing about me. It was like ZOWIE, we were meant for each other. You catch the scene? That's what I meant about getting hung up with a chick on acid. I knew she was the greatest lay I'd ever had, and I wasn't about to let loose.

"She lived in Oakland, but I drove over there three times a week to date her. We really dug each other. This went on for about two months. Then I laid another chick at a nude party. We were both on acid, and it was the same scene all over again. That's when I realized that it was the acid, not the chicks.

"Oh, the chicks have a lot to do with it. I've had some bum lays on acid, but even those were better than anything you get when you're down. If the chick is groovy, then it's super-sex."

The feminine viewpoint is best illustrated in

the interview I had with Aleta M., a University of California coed.

"I don't think acid makes you sexy," she said, "but it certainly does things to your body and mind. Over half the trips I've been on had nothing whatsoever to do with sex.

"The thing it does do for sex is make you enjoy it much more. Part of that is mental, and part is physical. All of us have some guilt complex about sex, especially girls. Everything we've been taught is against sex, and no matter how liberal you are, you feel some guilt in the sex act. You just can't help it.

"Maybe I can explain that this way. Sometimes a girl wants to shout an obscene word or phrase at the man when he's making love to her, but she holds back because she's afraid he'll think she is crude. Also, most of us want to pretend we're pretty blasé and sophisticated about sex. We don't shout and scream when we climax, even though we may want to. That would be blowing your cool, and no one wants to do that in front of someone else.

"All of these things are mental, and almost every girl has these hang-ups about sex. Acid takes care of this, and that's what I meant when I said that it helps you enjoy it more mentally. When you're tripping out, you don't give a damn what someone else thinks. If you want to say something, you say it. If you want to shout when you climax,

you let loose. None of these self-fashioned guilts about sex are there either. You tackle sex head-on without a care in the world except pleasure.

"The effect acid has on your body is somewhat the same. Your nerves cave in and you feel terribly relaxed. Every part of your body becomes extra-sensitive. You probably won't believe this, but I've actually reached a climax just from having a man touch me when I was on a trip. It's the truth! Every fiber of your body becomes so sensitive, you can become stimulated just brushing against a man.

"Now you can imagine the effect this has on your sex organs. My breasts, for example, are terribly sensitive to begin with. If a man plays with my nipples or sucks on them I get turned on in a hell of a hurry. With LSD, this is magnified about ten times. Most girls feel warmth shoot through their entire body when a man plays with their breasts. With LSD it feels like molten lava is running through. You're on fire!

"The same thing is true of the clitoris, only it's even more sensitive. I think that's why a lot of girls like to have a man [perform cunnilingus] while they're on a trip. It's a dreamy feeling, but you also get the sensation that your skin is peeling off from the heat.

"The orgasm is something it's impossible to describe. Even the passion writers with their skyrockets don't come close. It's just so beautiful it

defies description. One thing, the orgasm lasts for a long time. It isn't quick up and then quick down. It seems like it takes hours to come down . . .

"One effect I've noticed on the males is that acid seems to make them able to go longer. Men often are so excited by the time they get inside you they climax almost right away. On acid they seem to be able to last a long time, and every girl likes that. Also, the men don't lose their [erection] right after they've climaxed when they're on acid. It stays up and they can start all over again. This may not be true of all men, I don't know. It's just happened with all the men I've been with on trips.

". . . There's one thing I'd like to clear up. Some people seem to think that when you're on a trip you'll ball with any man available. That's not true at all! You are just as selective, if not more so, than when you're down. You're more willing to ball, anywhere, anytime, but not with just anybody. The man has to appeal to you, and you have to rap with him and be interested . . . I guess that the main thing is that you lose your inhibitions. I've even walked up to a man at a party and asked him if he would like to ball me. That's something I would never do when I'm down."

In different words, other girls I interviewed expressed the same thoughts. They all agree that LSD does not heighten the desire for sex, but does increase the pleasure received from sexual acts.

For some idea of incidence, I consulted the notes

I made while conducting the interviews. Out of 196 hippies interviewed, 131 had experienced one or more trips with LSD. Of these 131 users, 59 were female and 72 were male. Translated into percentages, of the entire sample 66% had used LSD at least once, 64% of all the males sampled and 70% of all the females sampled had LSD experience, and of the 66% affirmative responses 53% were males and 47% were females.

The most interesting figure for this study is that 81% of those who had LSD experience admitted sexual activity while on a trip. It should be noted, however, that 8% of these contacts involved only masturbatory acts.

This sampling is not broad enough to draw any concrete conclusions. While almost every person interviewed expressed the opinion that LSD did not serve to increase sexual desire, 81% admitted sexual activity while under the influence of the drug. It is true that each individual stated that he or she had experienced a number of LSD trips which did not involve any sex, but there seems to be an amazingly high percentage of sexual activity among users.

The key may be in the fact that the drug removes all inhibitions and allows the individual to engage in acts without social or moral conscience. Thus, when all of the sexual repressions are removed, the libido acts freely and sexual activity increases.

If LSD is not dangerous enough, two new prod-

ucts are rapidly gaining wide popularity among the hippies. On the West Coast it's STP, apparently named after the gasoline additive (the hippies love the slogan "It makes your motor run better). Little is known about this drug, but it's believed to be a chemical called 5-methoxy -NN-dimethyltrptamine. STP is reputed to produce a trip up to 72 hours and generates "a white light that's almost blinding." STP jacket emblems and car stickers are extremely popular on the West Coast, and the hippies claim that the drug is the be-all and end-all of psychedelic drugs.

On the East Coast, it's DMT, a hallucinogen somewhere between LSD and STP. DMT is reputed to be about four times as strong as LSD, but only a third as powerful as STP.

Both DMT and STP are considered very dangerous drugs and some users have required prolonged hospital treatment as a result of use. None of the individuals in my sampling had any experience with either of these drugs, but many had heard tales of the fantastic trips other users had experienced.

In the author's opinion, the evidence at hand calls for deep study into the relationship of the various hallucinogens and erotic behavior. There is a link between the two, but at this point it is difficult to determine how closely they are connected.

CHAPTER SEVEN

PROSTITUTION

It is a well-known fact that the hippies have an aversion to any form of work. They refuse to take jobs or accept any long term responsibility in society. As I made my way through the Haight Ashbury District in San Francisco and along the sidewalks of Sunset Boulevard in Los Angeles I saw thousands of hippies idle. Yet they were surviving in a capitalistic society, and I kept wondering just how they did it. A few hippies operate small shops featuring psychedelic merchandise or custom-made sandals. Others sell the underground newspapers on street corners, and still others work in small bands playing at the favorite hippie hangouts. These, however, represent only a very small percentage of the citizens of hippiedom. The vast

majority do not work at all—and it's a status symbol for them. Disdain for work is a primary part of the hippie philosophy.

In an interview with John W., the hippie proprietor of a famous sandal shop in San Francisco I learned that the majority of hippies work only occasionally, and then just to pick up enough money to get by on.

AUTHOR: John, why do the hippies avoid work?

JOHN: That's part of the gig. Work ties you to the scene and you can't break out.

AUTHOR: Do hippies ever work?

JOHN: Sure, most of them do anyway. You have to have bread, you know. Some of the guys work three or four days a month to get enough bread to get by the month on. Others work a couple of hours a week. Whatever's necessary.

AUTHOR: How do the hippies earn enough to live on?

JOHN: Most of the guys sell pot.

AUTHOR: Just pot? No heroin or cocaine?

JOHN: Just pot, at least the ones I know.

AUTHOR: Who do they sell it to?

JOHN: Almost everyone. Man, half the world's turning on with pot now. They sell it to college kids, businessmen, and the swingers who hang out at hippie joints.

AUTHOR: Is it a big business?

JOHN: Not really. They sell an ounce or two,

make enough to get by for a week or two and split the scene until they run out of bread again. I don't know any who make a full-time business out of it.

AUTHOR: Is the sale and distribution of marijana organized?

JOHN: No. You can get grass almost anywhere, if you have the connection.

AUTHOR: What percentage of the hippies engage in the marijuana traffic?

JOHN: I wouldn't really be able to say. Better than half of the ones I know do it now and then.

AUTHOR: What about the girls? Do they sell marijuana?

JOHN: A few, but very few. Some of the girls put out once in a while to get enough bread to get by on.

AUTHOR: You mean prostitution?

JOHN: In a way. Not like full-time whores. Some of the chicks will take a sex trip with a guy if he pays. They do it just once in a while, and the whole scene is to get enough bread to make it.

AUTHOR: Is this true of a large percentage of the girls?

JOHN: I couldn't give you any accurate number. My guess would be about fifteen or twenty per cent. That may be high, I don't know. I just know that some of them do it.

After I discovered this facet of the hippie life

I made it a point to interview several girls who earned their livings through semi-professional prostitution.

In an interview which lasted a little over four hours Janet K. admitted that she was a part-time prostitute and gave me the story of her life. At age twelve, Janet was raped by her uncle. Her mother died when Janet was ten and she was living alone with her father when this traumatic experience took place. Janet's voice was bitter and her eyes hard when she described this event in her life.

JANET: The dirty pig raped me. I can't remember too much about it, but he raped me. I can remember that he smelled foul—like sour garbage. And he had ugly hair all over him.

AUTHOR: How did it happen?

Janet: My uncle came to stay with us for a while. He said he was down on his luck, and Dad offered to give him food and a place to stay. He did nothing but drink cheap wine and loaf around all day. Dad rode him about getting a job, but the bum was too lazy. Then one night when Dad was out—I don't know where he had gone—my uncle came into my room and started mauling me. I really don't know what happened. It's all sort of blurred. I was in bed, but I don't think I had gone to sleep yet. Then suddenly he was on top of me, his hands squeezing me all over and his foul mouth was against my cheek. I really don't know what happened. I remember he took my hand

and put it on his [penis]. It was awful! Somehow he got me undressed—I had on a nightgown—but I don't remember it. I do remember the pain. God, he hurt me! It was like someone shoving a hot poker up me! I guess I screamed because he slapped me across the face hard. All I could remember was that terrible smell of him and having his hot breath all over me. Dad said I was hysterical when he came in.

AUTHOR: Your father witnessed the rape?

JANET: He came in at the end I guess. It's all pretty hazy. I remember that he pulled my uncle off me and beat the hell out of him. They had an awful fight. I thought my father was going to kill him. Dad said that I got right in the middle of it, but I don't remember it at all. Dad said I jumped out of bed and when Dad had my uncle in a bear-hug from behind I ran over and grabbed his [testicles] and squeezed them as hard as I could. All of this is blank in my mind, but I don't doubt that I did it. Dad said that I backed off and kicked my uncle twice as hard as I could in the [testicles]. According to Dad, that pretty well caved the old bastard in. Dad made him get dressed and cut out. We've never seen him since. Dad said that he heard my uncle died in a hospital down in Georgia, but we never bothered to find out.

AUTHOR: Janet, let's try to trace your life from that point on. Tell me where you lived, what you did, and all about your sexual experiences.

JANET: Gee, I've never done this before. I don't

think you'll find it very interesting. My life wasn't even very sexy until a few years ago. Let's see, Dad and I lived in the apartment until he was transferred. His company opened a new plant in Indiana and he was offered a nightshift foreman's position, so we moved. It was kind of a hick town, but I liked it. At least I tried to like it, but they wouldn't let me.

AUTHOR: They?

JANET: The people. They were snotty and very standoffish with outsiders. Unless you'd been there all your life, you weren't invited to anything. They stuck together like a bunch of rats. The kids weren't much better. They all had their friends, their little groups, and that sort of thing. I couldn't break in. Every time I tried, I'd get the cold shoulder. Then, when I made some friends with the Negro kids, that really frosted them. Nobody would have a thing to do with me. I could have cared less. I didn't want to have anything to do with them either.

AUTHOR: Was your life lonely?

JANET: Not really. I began reading a lot, and I studied hard. You'd never guess it, but I was the top in my class all the way through high school. I even graduated at the top of my class. So what? With that and a dime, you can still get a cup of coffee, right? Dad worked nights and I kept the house. I never let myself get lonely.

AUTHOR: Did you date during this period?

JANET: No, not really. I didn't have anything

to do with the kids at school, and I always came home as soon as school was out. I didn't try to make any friends after the cool treatment they gave me when I first got in town. I did get hung-up with a married man next door for a while.

AUTHOR: How old were you when this happened?

JANET: About fifteen, I guess. He was home a lot in the afternoons. His wife was a waitress at the local beanery, and he was a contractor, or builder.

AUTHOR: How did all of this start?

JANET: Well, he was very friendly. I liked him a lot. He'd always come over and ask if he could help with the garden, or fix a door, or something. Dad took a part time job selling farm machinery in the afternoon, so he wasn't around much. Howard helped keep the yard up and we became pretty close. He was young—about thirty—and handsome. He always kidded me saying that I looked like I was in my twenties, and I liked that. One afternoon he asked me over to his house and served me my first drink. He said it wouldn't hurt me. Well, we sat around his living room and talked for a while. Then he asked me if I liked to dance, and I told him that I didn't know how. He put the radio on and offered to teach me some steps. That was a lot of fun, and I did pretty well at the beginning. Howard held me close to him, and then he bent down and kissed me. He asked me if that was the first time I had been kissed, but I pre-

tended I was an old hand at it. That's when we started messing around. He pulled me down on the couch and we kissed a lot. I guess that in the back of my mind I knew what was going to happen, but I didn't care. His hands started working on my breasts, and I became excited. Then, he started undressing me, and when I was naked he carried me into the bedroom. He kept calling me his 'fairy princess.'

AUTHOR: Did you make any effort to resist?

JANET: Maybe a token one, I don't remember. I wanted it to happen. Howard was the one person who treated me like a human being. I suppose I thought I was in love with him. When he put me on the bed, he did all the things a man in love with a woman does. He kissed my breasts, and then he [performed cunnilingus and analingus]. He told me he wanted me to [climax] a half dozen times before he made love to me. I didn't have to pretend, he was so good I just couldn't stop [climaxing]. Then, when he was in me, it was the greatest thing that had ever happened to me.

AUTHOR: How long did this go on?

JANET: Oh, about an hour, I guess.

AUTHOR: No, I was referring to your affair with Howard.

JANET: Oh! For almost a year. Maybe a little longer. I wanted him to teach me everything a woman can do to a man in sex, and he did. We'd meet every afternoon we could. Sometimes it was

his house, sometimes it was mine. Once we even sent Daddy out on a wild goose chase to sell some farm machinery so that we could have the house alone. Howard had a friend call him and give some complicated instructions to a farm up the river.

AUTHOR: Did your father know about this affair?

JANET: Oh no, we were very careful! He found out when Susan discovered us and made the big scene.

AUTHOR: Susan was Howard's wife?

JANET: Yes. You see, I'd never stopped to consider her or the children. All I could think about was Howard and me. Howard wanted to talk to Susan and get a divorce so that he could marry me. We had it all planned. Then Susan walked in on us one day.

AUTHOR: What happened?

JANET: Howard and I were at his house. It couldn't have been any worse. We were on the bed [performing mutual oral sex acts] when she walked in. We didn't hear her open the front door, or anything. When she saw us she screamed and threw a living fit. She called Howard everything in the world, and then ran at him with a pair of scissors she'd picked up from the dresser. They had an awful fight, and I grabbed my clothes and ran home. I'm sure half the neighbors saw and heard what was going on. It was terrible, but that wasn't the worst. Susan cracked up about a

week later, and they finally had to put her in a mental institution. They wouldn't let Howard keep the children. Susan's parents took them. That broke Howard into little pieces. I had no idea he was so close to the children.

AUTHOR: How did your father react to all this?

JANET: He flipped! Dad quit his job and everything. He whipped me with a belt, and then he kept asking me why I had done it. He said the whole town was against me. He kept mentioning the children—over and over. It was the first time I had ever seen him cry. He cried all the time for a while. He said, 'First it was my brother, and now it's my best friend!' He said I was nothing but a whore, and that I teased men all the time, driving them on. I think that he was really under a lot of pressure from the townspeople. You know how they can be—petty and all that. Sure, I was wrong, but I wasn't any monster! Well, all of a sudden Daddy decided we had to move to another town. He went down and put the house up for sale, but I knew it was breaking him all up. He wasn't to blame for all the trouble, I was. That's when I decided to run away from home. That was about a week before the accident. He was coming home late one night and another car hit him on the bridge. He was dead when they got him to the hospital. I knew what that meant. They'd grab me and put me in some home or something. I couldn't stand that! Everything was all packed,

so I caught a bus to Chicago. I didn't wait around for the funeral because I knew they'd grab me if I did. I knew Daddy would understand. After all, he was dead and I was alive.

AUTHOR: Where did you go?

JANET: First, I went to Chicago. I got a job as a waitress by lying about my age. It was hard work, bue I didn't mind it.

AUTHOR: How long did you stay there?

JANET: About two months: I had a room in a boarding house and I never went out. I saved all my tips so that I could come out here.

AUTHOR: Did you come straight from Chicago to Los Angeles?

JANET: No. I spent about seven months in Denver. I went down there with a girl I met, and we worked in a department store for a while.

AUTHOR: What about sex? Did you have any sexual contacts in Chicago or Denver?

JANET: No. I was through with sex. I can't help it if I'm pretty, but sex had brought me and all the others who were around me nothing but misery. Some men tried to pick me up at the cafe where I worked, and one of the salesmen at the store tried to date me, but I was not about to start any of that.

AUTHOR: Well, tell us how you came to Los Angeles, and how you got started in prostitution.

JANET: Look, I'm no whore. If I was a whore, I could make plenty of money. Maybe I'm being a

little technical, but all I do is occasionally let a man make love to me and give me some bread to get by on. That's all.

AUTHOR: How did it all start?

JANET: I fell for that old line about being in the movies. A man fed me fat on it in Denver and paid my way out here. When I got here, I found that all I had to do was jump from one bed to the next if I wanted to make it in the movies. That made me sick! I dumped the man and started looking for a job. It's probably hard for you to understand, but I was an emotional wreck when I first came out here. I couldn't sleep nights, and I worried all the time about how I was going to see my way through. I didn't have any money, and I was pretty desperate. One day I was interviewing for a job up on the Strip (Sunset) and I met some hippies. We had a long talk, and I suddenly realized that what I was fighting wasn't myself but the whole damned set-up. That's when I became a hippie. I knew that their philosophy made sense. They talked about love, friendship and peace; not war, hate and the materialistic bag society's caught up in. Within two days I had more true friends than I had ever had in my entire life. People accepted me for what I was. I didn't have to pretend to be anything I wasn't. And, I could do what I wanted. That was important. Nobody was constantly there telling me what to do. Money wasn't important either. The hippies do what they want, and few have any money at all. That was

the first time I had ever been a part of anything.

AUTHOR: You moved in with some of the hippies right away?

JANET: Sure. I tossed what little money I had into the community pot and started living with them.

AUTHOR: Did you join in group sexual activity?

Janet: Not right away. I was still pretty hung-up about sex. I explained this to one of the girls, and she understood. They all figured I would crawl out of that bag when I was ready, and they left me alone. I had a lot of adjusting to do. For one thing, I was pretty used to taking care of myself. It was difficult to adjust to the idea of communal living. I had to learn to share, and having everybody so willing to share whatever they had with me made that a lot easier. For a while I was doing all the taking and none of the giving.

AUTHOR: What do you mean?

JANET: Well, the little money I put in wouldn't have lasted a week. All the others put in whatever they got, and that helped pay my share. I had to find some way to put my share in. One thing I was certain of, I wasn't going to slip back into the work bag. I took some modeling jobs. Nude stuff for the girlie and phony nudist magazines. I made $25.00 a day, but it was a big hassle getting out to the Valley where they shot the crap on a private estate. That helped, and once I'd crawled out

of my sex bag I was able to get my share in regularly.

AUTHOR: What happened to bring about your change in attitude on sex?

JANET: Nothing really happened, and I'm not too sure my attitude ever really changed. I seldom enjoy myself in sex, but I'm not all tied up about it now. The gang kept inviting me to sex orgies, and a few of the fellows were always on the make for me. The hippies don't make a big production out of sex, and I could see I was a square peg trying to fit in a round hole. So, one night I decided to let my hair down and be normal. I went to a party and joined in. From there on out, it was easy.

AUTHOR: Did you begin having sexual relations with some of the boys where you live after that?

JANET: Sure. I was willing to take a sex trip almost any time. After all, the guys liked it and it didn't hurt me any.

AUTHOR: When did you begin taking money for sex?

JANET: One night I was down at the Sea Witch with some of the gang and this lame one was there making eyes at all the girls. He was well-dressed and about fifty, but he had hot pants for a young hippie girl. All of us were laughing about it. When I headed for the girls' room, he cornered me, saying he would pay me fifty dollars to spend two hours with him at a motel. That was a lot of

bread, and two hours didn't sound like a long time. I told him to meet me next door and I went to tell the gang all about the gig. They laughed, and a couple of girls wanted to know if I needed help. When I got outside he was waiting for me in his Corvette, panting like a dog in heat. We drove down to a motel on Hollywood Boulevard. I made him give me the fifty bucks before I'd even go in the room with him. The old guy was really an odd one. He wanted me to do everything. I had to do a strip for him. Then he wanted me to [fellate] him. He even made me [perform analingus]. When it came time to [have intercourse], he wanted me on top of him. He really wanted to make every minute in that two hours count. When there was only about fifteen minutes left he wanted to [perform anal intercourse]. I drew the line at that and told him it would cost him an extra twenty. The old sonofabitch grabbed for his wallet and paid it! I made seventy that night, but he had me so sore I couldn't sit down without hurting. Still, it was worth it. All the gang thought it was very funny that I could ball a lame one for a couple of hours and end up with enough for two or three weeks. I made up my mind that I'd do it regularly. I work with a couple of bartenders and give them a third of any deal they set up, but I only take a deal once a week and sometimes only once every two weeks. I don't do it because I like it. Once in a while I have a climax, but not too often. The only reason I do it at all is to provide my share around the house.

Janet's case is interesting. A number of girls engage in what might best be termed as semi-professional prostitution. Among those I interviewed each gave a different reason, but the activity was much the same. The majority state that their contacts are limited to only several each month, and most of them say they do it just to get by. Janet, however, uses sex as a form of self-punishment. She told me that the only time she enjoys sex is when a man treats her rough, or when she visits a bondage group she discovered a few months ago.

Of all the girls I interviewed, less than ten percent engaged in any form of prostitution. Most of these earned less than $100 per month at the trade.

Before we analyze Janet's case, let's let her describe the bondage group she now frequently visits.

CHAPTER EIGHT

BONDAGE

"One of my dates introduced me to bondage," Janet said. "He took me up to his apartment and wanted to tie me up. At first I didn't want anything to do with it. I was suspicious and I didn't trust him. All sorts of crazy thoughts went through my head. Maybe he was some kind of a sex fiend who liked to use knives on a girl. We talked quite a while, and he convinced me that he wouldn't hurt me. He even offered me an extra fifty if I would let him tie me to the bed.

"I was filled with mixed emotions. I was scared to death, but I felt that he was sincere. I finally talked myself into it—mostly for the extra money. He stripped me down and placed me on the bed. Then he tied my hands and feet to the four cor-

ners of the bed with a soft, nylon cord. I was really at his mercy then because I couldn't move.

"He took his clothes off and started playing with me. It was the damndest sensation. He chewed my nipples with his teeth and it hurt, but I couldn't stop him. His hands were rough. Kneeling down between my legs, he shoved two fingers up me. It wasn't a gentle easing-in thing. He just spread my lips with one hand and rammed the other one up me. It hurt, but not near as much as when he got his other hand on my [buttocks] and rammed a finger up my [anus]. I started to cry then, but it didn't bother him at all. He just kept pounding up in me.

"This is pretty painful for a girl, and I was sobbing. But suddenly something strange happened. I became very excited. It wasn't a gradual build up, but just a sudden hot blade shooting through my body. I guess he could tell that it was happening to me because he really speeded up his pounding at that point. Well, I didn't last very long at all. I [climaxed] bang, right away!

"He just laughed, and said, 'This is going to be a long evening, baby.' He reached down under the bed and brought up a vibrating machine. It had an attachment that was just the size and shape of a man's [penis]. I'd never seen one before and asked him what it was. He told me he was going to ream me out with it, and he shoved it up me and turned it on. That's something every girl should try at least once! It sends little elec-

tric shocks all through you and your [vagina] feels like it's plugged in to a [intercourse] machine. I mean, baby, you can't describe that at all. I had two [climaxes] while he had that up me. I tried to make him stop, but when you are bound you can't do a thing. You're completely at the man's mercy.

"Of course about that time he figured I'd done enough [climaxing], and he wanted me to do things to him. He kneeled over me and made me [perform fellatio], and I had to take him all the way—something I don't usually like to do. Then he sat on my face and made me [perform analingus]. That got him all excited again and he climbed on top of me and [had intercourse].

"I thought we were all finished after that, but he just laughed and told me to relax. He pulled that vibrating machine out again and started all over on me. Only this time he shoved it up my [anus] as well as my [vagina]. He was never gentle with me, and he hurt me quite a bit all evening. But I [climaxed] more that night than I ever had.

"When he asked me if I liked what we had done, I had to admit that I had. He then offered to introduce me to a group that went in for Bondage all the time. There are about a hundred members, but only about thirty or forty are what you could call active. He said they were having a party that weekend and wanted to know if I would go with him . . .

"He said that it would be just for fun and that he wouldn't pay me, but I was game. That evening with him was the most in sex I had ever experienced, and I wanted to find out if it could be that way every time.

"The group meets in a different spot each time. That first week I went it was in an apartment on Sunset Strip.

"There were only about a dozen people there in all. I don't know what I expected, but they weren't big fiends with long fangs hanging out of their mouths. In all, it was a fairly conservative group of everyday people. I was the only stranger. Everyone else knew each other. The funny thing was that there were three hippies there that I knew fairly well. We all got a laugh out of meeting each other at a bondage party . . .

"In bondage you have to have the two types, the masters and the slaves. Tom, the man I was with, was a master and I was a slave. I thought that only women were the slaves and the ones tied up, but half of the slaves at the party were men. It was a big apartment—at least three bedrooms, and we sort of split up in three groups. I had no idea what was going to happen, but I trusted Tom and he said that nobody would get hurt.

"Tom and I and another man and woman took one of the bedrooms. The man was tied down, spreadeagled, on the bed, and I was made to bend over at the foot of the bed and have my hands tied to the posts. That way I could watch every-

thing that happened to him while they were doing things to me. Tom had that vibrating machine along and used that on me first.

"It hurt like hell because he didn't stimulate me and I was completely dry. He just shoved it up me as hard and as fast as he could. The other girl got a big kick out of that and said she wanted to try it. Tom gave it to her and she rammed it in and out of me for a minute. Then she took it and shoved it up the other man's [anus]. She laughed when he screamed like a cat with its tail caught in the door and really rammed him with it. She told Tom to watch the other man get a [erection], and by God he did! It was right in front of me and it came to attention almost immediately. She went down on him while she had the vibrator up his [anus], and the guy started moaning like hell. When she had him good and hot, she went up and sat on his face and told him to [perform cunnilingus]. I watched him [performing cunnilingus] while Tom [committed anal intercourse on her]...

"The other girl traveled both roads and wanted to have a crack at making love to me. I fought against that, but Tom held my legs apart and [the other girl went down on her knees between Janet's legs and performed cunnilingus]. I got as mad as hell and tried to [urinate] in her face, but I couldn't. Then she got me excited and I reached a climax. She didn't stop then, though, she just kept on until I had another one. All the time Tom held my legs apart and my arms were tied to the

end of the bed.

"When she was through, Tom mounted me from behind and really let me have it! I got so hot I just had one giant, long [climax]. All the time he was doing that to me, the other girl was mounted on the man on the bed, giving him one hell of a ride.

"I wanted to be let loose after that, but the group had change-up rules. The slaves stayed tied to the beds, but the masters switched rooms. The couple that came in really gave the man and me a going-over. They liked to spank, and they took turns spanking me. My [buttocks] was right out there where they could get it easy. The man started off spanking me with his flat hand, and it hurt like hell. Then the gal followed up with a ruler. That really stung. She even used that damned ruler against the [penis] of the guy on the bed. He really hollered, but he was as [erect] as he could be.

"This was a real weird scene, but I couldn't help it. I was as hot as I could be. The man mounted me and had the girl get below me and [kiss] my [breasts] while he [had intercourse] with me. He was one of those men that can last forever, and I [climaxed] and [climaxed] until my knees buckled under me. Then he had the girl hold me up by the hips while he pounded it to me.

"They say I fanted, but if I did it was from pure pleasure. I'd never been through anything like that! All I know is that I came to on the couch

in the living room with a cold towel on my forehead. They were worried about me, but I was okay.

"I'm not dumb. I know that all of this is wrong. The problem is that I can't control myself. If I go to bed with a man and don't get any pleasure out of it, what does that make me? I do that pretty often. The only time I get any pleasure is when I'm with this group. I don't go too often, but when I get the urge I just can't stop myself."

Janet's sexual compulsion is one of punishment. While on the surface she claims to be a hedonist, seeking pleasure from each and every sexual contact, she actually suffers from a strong guilt complex about sex. The very fact that Janet never once mentioned her mother tells us a great deal. She has created a mental block with relation to her mother, much the same as she has created a mental block about the traumatic rape scene in her youth. She kept saying that she was unable to remember, that it was "blurry," yet she was able to give fairly good detail about what took place. This is evidence of her desire to repress that entire event, an understandable desire but the key to her future development.

Janet obviously feels guilt over the expulsion of her uncle from her family circle. She also blames herself in some degree for his death in the Georgia hospital. Sex, in her opinion, brought "grief." When she stated that she could not help being pretty, she told us a great deal about her

subconscious makeup. At this point, she is assuming the role of the temptress who leads men astray. In her subconscious mind Janet believes that she was responsible for her uncle's desire to rape her, and for the affair with Howard, her neighbor. The belief that the female is responsible for all sexual desires of the male is common among the more primitive religions in our society, and Janet has obviously accepted this responsibility.

Her guilt complex was fortified by her father's statement that she had teased both his brother and his best friend. At this point Janet chastised herself bitterly and ceased all sexual activity. She had planned to run away from home before her father died in the automobile accident. In this she was removing the source of trouble and grief, herself, from his life.

Janet had great difficulty in fitting into society. She spoke of the problems she had when she and her father moved to Indiana. Rather than try to meet the problem head on and establish friends despite the stigma of being a stranger in a new society, Janet withdrew from all social contact and established her own tight little world. Her behavior here was the beginning of her anti-social development.

She developed one close friend in Chicago, the girl she subsequently went to Denver with, but she spoke very little about this person. It would again seem that her efforts to fit into society were unsuccessful. She only stayed on each of the two

jobs she had for a brief period.

Struggling to adjust and find her way in society, Janet met some warm, outgoing people among the hippies. Her new friends were anti-social, and proud of it. Janet had at last found a place for herself.

Her sexual development followed much the same pattern. At first Janet refrained from any sexual activity. When she did decide to join her friends at a sex orgy, it was out of a desire to conform and be one of the gang more than out of any desire for sexual contact. She admitted that she seldom found any sexual satisfaction in a contact. She participated because the others wanted her to, and she very much wanted to remain a member of the group.

When she accepted the proposition from the fifty year-old man at the bar, Janet was beginning her punishment. Selling herself to a man she had no attraction to gave her the feeling of being punished; and the object she was punishing was her sexual nature. The key to all of this lies in the fact that she admits that she was able to reach a climax in some of her prostitution contacts. She later contradicted this, but it is safe to assume that Janet now and then found satisfaction from these contacts. She did state that she became much more stimulated when the men treated her roughly.

Bondage provided the perfect answer for Janet's emotional and physical conflict. Here she was

able to enjoy sex, yet be physically and mentally punished for the act at the same time. The bondage also served to take Janet back to her first sexual encounter with her uncle, and when bound Janet is able to pretend that she is again being raped.

Janet's personality is that of an extreme sexual masochist. She is only able to enjoy sexual contact when she is being "forced" to perform acts and is unable to resist what her "master" does to her.

I have gone into some depth in the analysis of Janet because she provided enough of her life history to make such analysis possible, and because she serves as an excellent example of the masochistic personality we so often find in the bondage situation.

The group Janet belongs to does indeed have over sixty members, but not all are hippies. I encountered several more groups of this nature in Southern California and one large one in Northern California. In each instance, the hippies seemed to account for about a third of the active membership.

In BONDAGE CLUBS U.S.A. author Paul Thornton pointed out that there are bondage groups in every major city from coast to coast. By comparing Thornton's figures for the incidence in society against the small sampling I made among the hippies, it would appear that the percentage of incidence remains the same.

We must consider the fact that the hippie personality is basically masochistic, and deeper study could reveal a slightly higher incidence of the sadomasochistic activity in this segment of society. This was not, however, apparent in my investigation.

CHAPTER NINE

FLAG PARTIES

The sadomasochistic practice of flagellation is one of the most serious sexual perversions known to man. Ranging from mild spanking to severe beatings with whips, flagellation enjoys wide popularity among certain segments of society. There are, for instance, a large number of clubs in this country whose members regularly participate in this form of sexual activity. When a New Jersey private club was raided by the authorities dozens of specially designed whips were discovered. Rooms of the old house had been equipped with rings on the wall where members could be tied while they received beatings. Investigation revealed that the members paid high fees to visit

the club and receive beatings. And, although this particular club made excellent fodder for the sensational guns of the press, hundreds of similar clubs operate throughout the United States. Many flagellation contacts are made through the "adult correspondence" clubs, and it has been estimated that in excess of several hundred thousand people are involved.*

In flagellation, we find two basic personalities: the sadistic (the individual who administers the beating), and the masochistic (the person who receives the punishment). Role transference is possible and we often find that both personalities can exist in one individual. Traces of sadism and masochism appear in every love relationship between two human beings—homosexual or heterosexual, married or unmarried, normal or perverted.** The balance between these desires in the individuals dictates the normalcy of the behavior pattern.***

Mild spanking, for example, may be considered normal in certain relationships when it is used as simply one means of stimulation. When the spanking becomes an end unto itself and the only

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* *The Velvet Underground*, Michael Leigh.

** *Encyclopedia of Abnormal Sex*, Dr. Roger Blake.

*** *A to Z in Love*, Drs. Matt & Kathleen Galant.

method by which the individual can achieve sexual gratification, the practice moves into the realm of abnormal behavior.

Through Janet I was able to interview other members of the bondage club she frequented, and through one of these interviews I learned of a club which held regular "flag parties." When I was finally able to penetrate the club for interviews I learned that the group was small and the membership very discreet. I was told that there were seventeen members and that only four of these were hippies.

Because their activity is not only dangerous but illegal, the people I talked to were very reluctant to reveal any information about themselves or their club. One of the members of Janet's bondage club, however, attended a flag party as a prospective joiner of the group. He was both excited and repulsed by what he saw and decided against active participation on his own part. A little of his background will help us to understand his description of the flag party.

Bert was born and raised near Jacksonville, Florida. One of five children, Bert formed a close relationship and dependence on his mother at an early age. His father was a plant foreman and a strict disciplinarian at home. Bert admired and respected his father, but had a deep resentment of what he felt was emasculation by his father. His father discovered that his mother was having

an affair with the next door neighbor when Bert was thirteen. Catching his wife in an act of adultery, Bert's father left home, never to return. From this point on, it was difficult to separate Bert from his mother's side.

Bert said that he experienced his first orgasm while he was receiving a spanking from his mother.

"I suppose I had played around with myself some before that," he said, "but I never reached an orgasm. I don't really remember what I had done, but Mom pulled my pants down and gave me quite a spanking. She turned me across her knee and my [penis] was in her lap. I tried to explain this to a psychiatrist once, but I don't think I ever got it through. I wasn't stimulated when she started. In fact, I was just damned scared. She was really mad at me and it was the first real spanking she had given me. Dad had spanked me some, but he was gone then.

"I had an erection right after the first slap she gave me. The slaps hurt and I guess I cried. But at the same sime I was as excited as I could be. I squirmed every time she hit me, and that made my [penis] rub against her legs. She probably didn't hit me over a dozen times in all, but I had an orgasm right in the middle of it. I know because her dress was all wet. She noticed it too, and she told me I had nasty habits and should wash myself."

Bert said that he began masturbating shortly after that, but he never found true satisfaction unless he was being spanked. His older sister began helping her mother with the children, and Bert had a number of orgasms when she spanked him.

"Julie was easy to get sore," he said. "I could egg her on and she'd spank me. I think she enjoyed it, and when she found out I wouldn't tell Mom, she did it pretty often."

In college Bert dated regularly. He said that he had a number of coital contacts during this period.

"I guess I dated more than the average guy," he said, "but that was because I was searching for something. I could make the average girl reach an orgasm, but I had a lot of trouble climaxing. I was lucky if I could climax on one out of every four or five dates. Other guys told me that they reached climaxes on every date, and I figured it had to be me.

"When I started taking drama, I met Arlene. She was a very dominant woman and nobody particularly liked her. She'd been an actress on Broadway and she came in to give us guest lectures every now and then. It was through Arlene that I learned I was a passive person who needed strong domination and discipline... She had me down to her home in St. Augustine one night. We read Shakespeare together. After a while she

started ordering me around. When she told me to take my clothes off, I just laughed at her. She walked over and slapped me hard on the face and ordered me to do what she had told me. I took my clothes off, but it was too slow to suit her and she said she was going to punish me. When I was naked she had me bend over and touch my toes. Then she came up and swatted me three times across the butt with a wooden yardstick. That hurt like all hell, but I had an erection right away.

"... Arlene pulled her skirt up — she didn't have any panties on — and made me kneel in front of her and [perform cunnilingus]. She took the yardstick and beat me on the back while I was doing it. In a couple of places she broke my skin, but the hotter she got the harder she beat me. I'm not certain, but I think we both had an orgasm at the same time . . .

"After that we spent a lot of time together. She used a leather thong on me. She'd let it soak in vinegar because she said that kept it soft. Arlene seldom ever really hurt me. The thong stung, but it didn't cut the skin or bruise me. Once or twice she got so excited when I was doing something to her she made me bleed, but that wasn't too often."

Bert was offered a chance to break into TV and he headed for Hollywood. After several tests and some walk on parts he landed a supporting

role in a major series. His sex life was unsatisfactory until he found out about and joined the bondage group. Bert was then able to submit to being bound and he assumed the role of sexual slave. He asked for and often received spankings from women in the group. When his addiction to spanking became known Bert was invited to attend a flag party to see if he would like to join the group.

"One of the girls in the bondage club had recently joined this group that went in for some pretty strong discipline. She knew I liked to be spanked, and she asked me if I would like to go to one of the flag parties and meet the group. I had heard some pretty wild things about that group and I made her promise that I wouldn't be required to do anything. I was willing to go only if she would guarantee that I would be nothing but a bystander that first time.

"The party was held in the basement of this old house in Hollywood Hills. The whole thing was weird. I thought that it would be a bunch of hippies, but there were only three people there I recognized, and I didn't really know them. I'd just seen them on the street or at Pandora's Box.

"The owner of the house was an assistant set designer at one of the major studios, and he'd done the place up like an old castle. We entered through the garage and went down a long staircase to the basement. The stairs were lighted

with what looked like torches. I suppose they were some sort of oil lamp, or something.

"The basement was decorated to look like a medieval dungeon. The walls were covered by something that made them look like they were hewn out of stone. Soft red and blue lights filtered down from the ceiling, and a large torch was burning in the center of the room. There were big iron rings on the walls, some with chains hanging from them. Carla told me what to expect, so I wasn't too shocked. Anybody who walked in there without warning would have the hell scared out of them. It really looked like a set from a Frankenstein or Dracular movie.

"... We were the last to arrive and there were about ten people there. Some of the people were just like the place: they looked like they were part of a movie set. One girl had on black boots with about eight inch heels, tight leather pants and bra, and a satin cape that swirled around her. Another girl was wearing hip-length white leather boots, a short cape and a white eye mask. That's all she had on, everything she had was showing. She'd even trimmed the hair around her [vulva] so that it was just a straight line and not bushy.

"One of the men had on a skin-tight red leather suit. It was a lot like long handles, but made of shiny red leather. He had on black leather boots that came almost up to his knee, and a wide mod

belt. Another man had on nothing but a leather pouch that covered his [penis and testicles].

"I think what impressed me was that these were all pretty average, everyday type people. They weren't fiends or monsters at all. We sat around for a few minutes and the conversations generated around politics, clothes, work and new cars. It was just like any normal party. When things got underway, though, these people really went to it.

"... There were some heated discussions about who did what at the last party. Some of the people pretended to be mad, and one girl was taken over to the wall, stripped and tied to the rings. While this was going on three girls grabbed one of the men and did the same thing to him. The man was tied so that he was facing out into the room, and the girl was tied with her face to the wall. I sat on the floor and leaned against the wall near a corner of the room. Both the man and the girl looked scared, but I noticed that they didn't resist much or put up any fight about what was being done to them. I'm pretty sure most of it was prearranged and they were just sort of acting out a ritual.

"I'll describe what happened to the man first. One of the girls got down on her knees and began [performing fellatio on him]. When she had him [erect] one of the other girls came up and started whipping his [penis] with a small leather thong.

He screamed and started crying, and then he [ejaculated]. It got all over the girl who was whipping him and she was as sore as hell. She went over and got a long whip and came back, slashing it across his legs hard. He stayed [erect] all through this, and she hit him a couple of times on his [penis] with the long whip. When she got tired, one of the other girls took the whip and let him have it on the chest. He climaxed a second time when that happened.

"The girl was getting it about the same way. Several of the men walked up and shoved their fingers up her — both places. Then they stood back and watched while one man — the one in the red leather suit — lashed her with a six foot whip. He kept it down on her legs for a while, and then started peppering her back with it. She moaned and twisted around, but he wouldn't let up. One man just stood there naked, masturbating himself while he watched. They didn't draw any blood on her, but the welts stood out a bright red on her body. When the man who was masturbating himself got close to his orgasm, he cried out for the other man to stop. Then he went up close to the girl and [ejaculated] all over her body. The man with the whip ran up and shoved the handle of the whip up the girl's [vagina].

"... Slaves were switched after about a half an hour. The girl I came with wanted me to strip down and get against the wall so she could give

me a spanking. I was excited from what I had seen, but I was also a little scared. I made her promise that I wouldn't be tied up and that spanking was all she'd do to me. I was a damned fool, but I guess it was because I was so excited. Anyway, when I had my clothes off she led me to the wall. She made me face it and put my hands up on the rings so it would look like I was tied up. I didn't know that the other two girls were behind me, and when I put my hands up they grabbed them and tied me to the rings. I was scared stiff then. I didn't know what would happen to me.

"I couldn't see what was going on, but I heard her say that she was going to use a whip on me. I cried out, but it didn't do any good. She started pelting me with a very soft whip. It stung, but it didn't hurt as much as I thought it would. At that point I was more frightened than anything else. I guess deep down inside I suspected what they were going to do to me.

"Well, the whip gave me one hell of an erection. I was really hot. The gal with the hip boots said, 'Oh, look at how much he likes it! Patty, I want him in my mouth when he goes off.' She made me move a couple of feet out from the wall and she started [fellating] me while Patty was whipping me. I about went crazy and I really exploded.

". . . I tried to get them to let me down after I had climaxed, but they just laughed. That's

when they started using the hard whip. It was some sort of willow branch and it stung like hell. Also, they were lashing across my back and I swore I could feel blood running down my back. Later I found that it wasn't blood. I was so excited and scared I was perspiring up a storm.

"... When I became excited and had [an erection] again, one of the girls reached down and took me by hand. She wasn't the least bit gentle and she hurt me like hell, but I had an orgasm. I really splattered the wall on that one.

"After that I just stood there. Nothing happened for a while, and I knew they were all working over a blonde girl on the other wall. I wanted to get down, but nobody paid any attention to me... Then the man in the leather suit came up behind me and asked me if I was ready to be [sodomized]. I told him no — I guess I really screamed at him. He laughed and said to the group that I needed to be made a little submissive. Someone started whipping me again, but this time it was hard and mean. After each two strokes the man would ask if I was ready. I kept yelling 'no!'. Then someone said, 'Shove the whip up his [anus], that'll bring him around. I heard one of the girl's say, 'Here, I'll hold his cheeks.' I felt her hands spread me apart, and then I had the worst pain I had ever had. The man just shoved that whip up me. I screamed for him to stop, and he asked if I was ready to be [sodomized]. I

agreed. I couldn't stand any more of what they were doing to me.

"I heard them talking while he slipped out of his pants, and one of the girls offered to go down on him to get him 'Good and [erect].' They were all laughing and kidding, but I was scared out of my mind. I had never had anything like that before — and I didn't want it now. But there was absolutely nothing I could do about it. They had me tied tight.

"I felt his breath on the back of my neck when he came up. I braced myself because I thought he was going to do it to me right there. But he surprised me and untied my hands. A man took each of my arms and forced me to a bench. They bent me over it so that I offered a perfect target for the queer. I struggled and managed to kick one of them, but a couple of the girls joined in and helped hold me down. For struggling, I got another five lashes with the whip. The guy I kicked got the pleasure of getting even with me.

"At that point all I wanted was to have the whole thing over and behind me. You know how when you're a kid you live through the bad moments by telling yourself that all this will pass and in a few minutes you'll be looking back on it? That's what I was doing. I pretended that it wouldn't hurt, that it would all be over, and that I'd be on the way back to my pad.

"That queer really hurt me. He climbed on top

of me and rammed it up me with all his force. It damned near killed me. I screamed like hell, and the others got a big kick out of it. They yelled, 'Pour it to him, Hank, let him have it all the way!'

"Well, he did — and damned near tore me half in two while he was at it. One of the girls got on the floor and started playing with my [penis] while he was in me. She put it in her mouth and started biting on it. I don't know what happened, but I had an orgasm at about the same time he did.

"After all that they let me get dressed and leave. I guess I was pretty insistent — I didn't want to stay there one minute longer. I never went back, and I'm not about to."

For the average layman, it is difficult to understand how any of the acts described by Bert could be sexually exciting. Sadomasochism is often incomprehensible to the average person. Let's turn to Sigmund Freud for a moment. He offers this definition of masochism: "Masochism comes under our observation in three shapes: as a condition under which sexual excitation may be roused; as an expression of feminine nature; and as a norm of behavior. According to this one may distinguish an *erotogenic*, a *feminine*, and a *moral* type of masochism. The first, the erotegnic masochism, the lust of pain, is also to be found at

bottom in the other forms; the concept of it can be supported on biological and constitutional grounds; it remains incomprehensible unless one can bring oneself to make certain assumptions about matters that are wrapped in obscurity. The third, in certain respects the most important form in which masochism appears, has only lately, of a sense of guilt that is for the most part unconscious, been properly appreciated by psychoanalysis; it already admits, however, of full explanation and of co-ordination into our previous knowledge. Feminine masochism, on the other hand, is the form most accessible to observation, least mysterious, and is comprehensible in all its relations."

Looking at the other side of the coin, Freud gives us this definition of Sadism: 'The roots of active algolagnia, sadism, can be readily demonstrable in the normal individual. The sexuality of most men shows an admixture of aggression, of a desire to subdue, the biological significance of which lies in the necessity for overcoming the resistance of the sexual object by actions other than mere *courting*. Sadism would then correspond to an aggressive component of the sexual instinct which has become independent and exaggerated and has been brought to the foreground by displacement.

"The concept of sadism fluctuates in everyday speech from a mere active or impetuous attitude

towards the sexual object to an absolute attachment of the gratification to the subjection and maltreatment of the object. Strictly speaking, only the last extreme case can claim the name of perversion."

In Bert's case we find evidence of both sadism and masochism. As Jung points out, masochism is often just sadism turned against the individual. This is certainly true of Bert. The root of his sexual problems lies in two areas. First, there are definite homosexual overtones in his personality. He tells of how he admired and respected his father, but at the same time resented him for taking away the boy's masculinity. From this came a deep and close relationship with his mother. This was heightened when his father left home and Bert and his brothers and sisters had to be raised by their mother.

A second, and very important factor enters Bert's life at this point. His love for his mother has become sexual as well as spiritual. Faced with incestuous desires, Bert created an active need to be punished. He was able to repress both his incestuous desires and homosexual tendencies, but in so doing he transferred the sexual object and the lust of pain became his only stimulant.

Normal coital contacts were disappointing for him. He could cause his partner to orgasm, but he was unable to find satisfaction for himself.

When Bert met Arlene he became aware for

the first time of his sexual deviation. Arlene took the role of his mother by ordering him to do things. She forced him to perform sexual acts on her, and she disciplined him. While Bert became Arlene's sexual slave, he was in truth substituting her for his mother.

The one act which gives Bert the most sexual pleasure is spanking, and this all relates back to his first orgasm and his incestuous desires for his mother. The bondage club provided him with numerous opportunities to be spanked in a frankly sensual atmosphere.

The flag party, however, took him several steps beyond where he was comfortable. One will note that Bert was sexually stimulated while he watched two people, a man and a woman, beaten. He described what happened to the male first, and went into the greatest detail here. Bert identified with the bound man, but he also evidenced some of his latent homosexuality at this point. Following his description of the flag party closely, one cannot help but feel that Bert might have joined the flag group had he not been subjected to the homosexual experience. This was an area in which Bert's subconscious mind worked actively to repress this side of his personality. He admits orgasm in the contact, but hints that this was a result of the oral contact with the female. In any event, the homosexual contact acted as a threat against Bert's masculinity — just as his father's

masculine personality had. This threat was far too great to chance another such encounter.

Algolagnia (taken from the Greek and meaning simply lust for pain) is a fascinating subject; and it is only recently that we are making strides into understanding this form of sexual perversion. Although no valid figures are now available, it would appear that between eight and ten per cent of our population engages in some form of algolagnia regularly. There are spanking, flagellation, bondage and discipline clubs in all parts of the country and the members are quite active.*

In Los Angeles, I encountered the one bondage club and learned of the flag group. In San Francisco, I discovered three separate spanking groups and two flag clubs. The information available indicates that the hippies only make up seven per cent of the memberships of these groups. This would place the incidence of flagellation and its connected deviations among the hippies slightly below the national incidence. My own observation would be that less than two per cent of the hippies are involved in this activity.

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*THE VELVET UNDERGROUND, by Michael Leigh.

CHAPTER TEN

FAGS

"Most of the hippies are a bunch of fags!" That's a common expression among the uninformed, and it couldn't be farther from the truth.

It's easy to see how this impression might be formed. The hippies dress flamboyantly, without regard to convention, and often look "arty." They often wear their hair long and speak softly. Hippies are basically non-violent, and they care little for most of the conventional forms of life. The hippies protest against the injusticies in society and hang out together. In all of these things the hippies closely resemble certain segments of the homosexual society. The resemblance is entirely superficial, however. And surprisingly enough

there are no homosexuals among the hippies. This was brought home most clearly to the author in an interview with Hal Williams, proprietor of a psychedelic shop in the San Francisco area:

AUTHOR: Hal, are there many homosexuals among the hippies?

HAL: There may be, but I have yet to met my first one.

AUTHOR: You mean you haven't met one single homosexual hippie?

HAL: Look, there are plenty of homosexuals in San Francisco. You might even say that this is one of the fag centers in the country. But a homosexual hippie I've never seen. At one point or another at least eighty per cent of the hippies in this area visit my store, so I'd say I have a pretty fair representation to judge from.

AUTHOR: Yet it's commonly believed that a majority of the hippies are homosexual.

HAL: There are lost of things commonly believed about the hippies that just aren't true. I think that this is an assumption based on the clothes the hippies wear and the way they style their hair. In these two respects we probably look like some of the gay ones.

AUTHOR: Assuming for a minute that you are correct in your theory that there are no homosexuals among the hippies, just why is this?

HAL: Well, I think that basically we would be repulsive to the true homosexual. After all, we believe in complete sexual freedom — and that means plenty of boy-girl sex. The true homosexual frowns on all heterosexual contact, and he'd have plenty to frown on among this group. Another thing is that homosexuals usually have what almost amounts to a complex about cleanliness. I remember reading in psychology that this is closely linked to their sexual inversion. Well, the hippies — and this is no put down because, after all, I am one — are not the cleanest people on earth. Some of the fags who hang out in some of the same scenes we make almost cringe when they see us coming. And, if you sit next to one at a table, he'll move as far away as possible to avoid dirtying himself through some unavoidable contact. I'm not kidding. Just watch them sometime. We're free and open about sex, where the fags are secretive and all wound up in the emotional bag. Can you imagine a homosexual at one of our parties where a lot of sex goes on? He'd be disgusted.

AUTHOR: Do the homosexuals look down on the hippies?

HAL: You'd better ask a homosexual about that. I don't qualify to speak for them. Seriously, though, I think they're kind of mixed up about us. In a way we're repulsive to them, but we're also kind of in the same bag they are. We're

fighting the stupidity of an ancient social order just like they are. We protest the silly laws, especially the sex laws, just like they do. Every now and then we'll sort of join forces to rebel against some sticky part of the social bag. We stand for privacy, that extends to the activities of the fags. We think war is stupid, and most of the homosexuals join us in this. So, it's hard for them to put us down when we share so many of the same beliefs.

AUTHOR: What you're saying, then, is that the hippies and the homosexuals have much in common, but are not really one and the same.

HAL: Right. This is another area which misleads some people and leads them to believe that a lot of hippies are homosexuals. We both live the bohemian, artistic, simple and inexpensive life. As a result we both frequent the same places. We live in the same areas, hang out in the same bars, and all that. People see some drag queens walking down a hippie street and they immediately assume that all hippies are fags.

One factor Hal did not mention was that the number of true hipipes is much smaller than the large group which most of us think of as hippies. This large group is made up of a number of splinter groups. Teeny Boppers, Swingers, Sexual Freedom Advocates, Happeners, Wife-Swappers and the arty Bohemian set all mingle together in

the same general area. These are our modern generation of Americans, but certainly not all of them are hippies.

A good example of this is that there are two relatively large apartment houses predominantly inhabited by homosexuals right in the center of the famous hippie Haight-Ashbury District of San Francisco. Walking down Fell Street in front of the two apartment houses it would be almost impossible to distinguish hippies and homosexuals on the sidewalk.

Seeking interviews among the gayer set, I did come across one young man who had switched from being a hippie to living the life of an active homosexual. Kirk is accepted on both sides of the street, as it were, but now prefers the company of men who share his homosexual belief.

"Listen, I'm still a hippie," he said. "I mean, I haven't changed my beliefs, or anything like that. It's just that since I was brought out I've given up the sex hassle with women. I'm still against war, hate the Veitnam bag, am for the legalization of pot, am against race hate — or any hate for that matter, despise the fuz, and believe that there is one hell of a lot better life than this hassle we now know."

Kirk's life has been one of protest.

'I could tell you that my father was the president of some bank in Idaho, but I won't. My

mother was a prostitute — just a plain and simple whore. I've got no idea who my father was, and I don't really care. Oh, I cared once, but that's a hassle I've long since put behind me. You can adjust to anything but hanging. I adjusted to not having a father.

"Mom got the bum end of the stick as often as she turned around. She was busted a hundred times, I guess. I didn't live with her, but she'd come to see my at my aunt's all the time. She was a great chick. Always had something good to say, and always brought me a little present. I loved her so much it hurt. I'd cry whenever she left, and my aunt had to comfort me. I guess what hurt the most was knowing that someone was always trying to take a swack at her: the fuz, the newspapers or some drunken bum who was afraid to go home to his flat-nosed wife. If I told you some of the things those sick fuz made her do to them to keep from being busted, you'd flip out! Most of them are worse than the worst sex fiends who tried to buy her!

"Mom died when I was sixteen. A bastard cop hit her with a club during a raid and she never regained consciousness. That's why I get so sick to my stomach when I read some news bastard's column about how the police are justified in using brutality. . . .

"I split the scene at my aunt's when I graduated from high school. It was just too much of a

hassle. I was sick of living in a town where the bastard who killed my mother was looked at as some knight in shining armor. I went to Detroit and worked for a year and a half at an auto plant. That was about the biggest nothing scene I've ever seen. The union didn't want the men to do any work at all and get full pay. Management wanted nine hours and two ounces of blood a day. Both of them were sick.

"After I got laid off, I split out for San Francisco. I worked down on the docks for a while and damned near killed myself. One day I had a big hassle with the dock boss and I haven't worked since. Oh, I do an odd job here and there, but nothing steady, and nothing regular.

"That's why I sort of ended up with the hippies. As far as I'm concerned, they've got the right idea."

I asked Kirk about his sexual experiences.

"Well, you probably won't believe this, but I was practically a virgin when I moved out here. I had one little scene with a brown whore in Detroit, but I was terribly drunk and I only let her [perform fellatio]. I don't know if I [climaxed] on that trip or not. You see, I had some pretty mixed up ideas about sex. I masturbated quite a bit, but I didn't have much desire to climb into the sack with any broad. I realize now that what I was doing was fighting the idea that I was a homosexual. Frankie explained that to me. You see,

I was a homosexual all the time, but just wouldn't admit it—not even to myself.

"I got all tied up in the sex bag when I moved in with some hippies. They screw all the time, and it was one orgy after the other. The chicks were all pretty sympathetic, and they understood if I couldn't get [an erection]. This would happen about half the time, but the chick would usually laugh it off with me. It worried me, though. Man, I thought maybe I was some kind of a nut. For one thing, I could be balling some divine little chick and lose my [erection] half way through. That sets you back!

"I didn't flunk out with chicks from any lack of trying! I bet I had more different chicks in six months than most square guys have in a lifetime. I'm not exaggerating! If you've been interviewing the hippies, you know that the chicks all ball. And, they're always ready and willing.

"Frankie was the one who brought me out. I met him in Golden Gate Park one afternoon and we became friends right away. I guess Frankie was the first real friend I ever had. He loaned me five dollars the first day we met, and never asked me any questions. We liked all the same things and we started chumming around together.

"Frankie writes poetry and the Oracle printed one of his poems right after we met. I guess I was about as excited as he was. We went all over Hashbury showing it to everyone.

"I never had any suspicion Frankie was a homosexual. I suppose I should have. He had no interest in girls, and he never talked about this chick he laid or the one who gave him a fabulous [fellation] like other guys did. But sex was something that never came up between us.

"He didn't try to sneak up on me with it, though. One day he just popped off with the big question —was I a homosexual? I told him I wasn't, and we just dropped the subject.

"Then he had me telling him all about my life. He wanted to know everything — all about my Mother and my aunt, what I did in Chicago and all that. He even made me tell him all about the chicks I had balled—what it was like—did I have an orgasm.

"The next thing I knew, Frankie calmly announces that I am a homosexual. He explained it all to me, saying that I was really a latent homosexual. That's someone who is but doesn't know it and wants to fight it. I told Frankie he was nuts, but he said that someday I would realize it and find true happiness. When I asked him if he was homosexual, he looked me right in the eye and said that he was.

"Nothing much happened, except I started thinking a lot about what he had said. Frankie later told me that was what he wanted to do, get me thinking. What he had said about the way I was searching for my mother in all the chicks I

balled made some sense. Anyway, I just sort of let it drop. About a week later, Frankie brought me out.

"We were up at his place, listening to some music and cooking a pot of spaghetti. Frankie had a jug of wine and we got it open pretty early. By the time dinner was ready, I don't think we gave a damn what we ate. After dinner, Frankie cut the lights and lighted some candles. Then we put some soul music on and sat back to listen. There was some wine left in the jog and we polished that off.

"Frankie started talking about sex, telling me how good it was with a man. He really knew how to get a guy turned on and he had me pretty excited. He saw the bulge in my pants and reached over and started rubbing it with his hand. I didn't know what to do. I knew what he wanted to do, and part of me said yes while the other said no. Frankie was smart; he didn't give me time to think it over. He unzipped my slacks and took it out in his hand. He was sort of hugging me with the other arm, and he had me so I couldn't move very well. He really worked me over with that hand of his, and I felt like I couldn't hold off another minute. That's when he pushed me back on the couch and went down on me.

"That's something you just can't describe, having a man take you in his mouth. It's much better than a woman because a man really knows how

to stimulate another man. And, that was just part of it. What I am trying to say is that Frankie and I had already built a strong relationship. It wasn't like one of these guys you take on for a quickie, or some gal you hop into bed with just for a physical bang. What he was doing to me was an expression of how much we liked each other.

"I didn't last very long, I can tell you that. He laughed and said that I was much too quick and that he would have to do it again. I think he meant to do it again right that minute, but I wanted to take him over the bridge. I reached down and got his [penis] out and put my head in his lap. I really didn't know how to do it, but I just imitated what he had done to me. It's something that comes naturally to a man because you can imagine that it's being done to you and you know what you like.

"He lasted a long time, and I began to worry that I wasn't really pleasing him. I started moving faster, and that set him off. He grabbed my head between his hands and really pounded it to me. I got so damned excited when he was approaching his orgasm, I had another [erection]. After he calmed down he did it to me again, and then he wanted to take me from behind. He used some lubricant so that it wouldn't hurt, and had me bend over the couch. When he had it in me, I thought I had never felt anything like that before. It was magnificent! Frankie reached around

me and grabbed my [penis] and masturbated me while he threw it to me. We hit about the same time, and we just caved in and fell on the couch it was so good."

Kirk related that this one evening convinced him that he was indeed a homosexual. He moved in with Frankie for a while, and then began having affairs with other homosexuals. I asked Kirk about the homosexuals among the hippies.

"No," he answered, "I really don't think that there is such a thing as a homosexual hippie. We're two different people. A lot of the homosexuals believe in the same things the hippies do, but we are more willing to try to fit into society. Most of us work. I say 'us' because I've got a part time job now. The hippies protest everything, whereas the homosexuals protest the ridiculous sex laws more than anything else. I'd say that the homosexuals are more a part of society, and the hippies are basically against society.

"I switched over when I found out I was a homosexual. There just isn't any place among the hippies for a gay guy. Some of the hippie chicks go both ways, but the guys are all straight. I still have a lot of friends among the hippies and I hang around with them quite a bit. The problem is that we don't share all the same interests any more. They haven't changed, I have."

Kirk's sexual inversion is undoubtedly tied in with his early life, and the relationship with his

mother and aunt. His upbringing was entirely feminine, and Kirk was very attached to his mother. Her sexual life appears to have been an open book to Kirk, and we can imagine that Kirk created fantasies involving a sexual relationship with his mother. It was the men, after all, who continually took his mother away from him. Oftentimes when a young boy fixes on his mother as the sexual object he finds that he cannot engage in sexual contact with another woman. This would represent being untrue to his mother. And this is very often the basis of the homosexual personality. It would seem safe to assume that this was the case with Kirk.

From all of this the author learned one interesting fact. There are no homosexuals among the true hippies. The number of homosexuals in America approaches twenty million, which places incidence in society at a little better than ten per cent. This absence among the hippies is best explained in the fact that homosexuals, while they advocate sexual freedom, do not practice it. Like the heterosexual, the homosexual limits himself to one type of sexual behavior. The permissive sexual climate in the hippie society is not attractive to the homosexual because it embraces complete sexual freedom.

The homosexuals, as Hal pointed out in his interview, have much in common with the hippies in dress, ideas, protest and areas of interest. These

two segments of our society often unite in common protest, and it is easy to think of them as one.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

UNDERGROUND SEX

Flamboyant, loud, colorful and large in number, the hippies are calling attention to the wide gap between the mores and morals of modern America. The basic problem lies in adherence to a code of morals that is far behind the times. Sex, if nothing else, is here to stay.

Through the tyranny of a few who hold the balance of power in their hands through laws which are as outdated as the moral codes they represent, sex is being driven underground. Daily our headlines proclaim raids on wife-swapping clubs, homosexual bars and hangouts, and crackdowns on prostitution. The purpose of the raid is to make the many conform to the morals of the few. This

oppression of sexual conduct only serves to drive the activity further underground. We know, for instance, that when we make something illegal, we often make it more popular. That's what happened with prohibition, and that's what's happening with sex today. If we made homosexuality between consenting adults legal, it would become less popular. If we made wife-swapping among consenting adults legal, it too would become less popular.

And, if we legalized marijuana, its popularity would diminish overnight. The kids who flock to the pot parties are doing so simply in protest against the older generation. If marijuana was legal and alcohol illegal (which seems to make more sense from all the reports), the kids would flock to the liquor stores.

The current popularity of sexual freedom is simply an expression of those who have been long oppressed seeking to drown themselves in a new-found freedom. Sex, however, is a basic human drive and is with us to stay.

After talking to hundreds of hippies, the author feels quite sincerely that their current life is not an expression of a new ethic with which they would be content to live their lives. It is simply a manifestation of a new generation searching for itself in a highly computerized and confusing world. They doubt the old values, but have no new ones to replace them. Their sexual exploits

are no more or less than an expression of self experimentation. Many of them experiment with the sex orgy and find that it fails to satisfy them. Others go to sexual extremes, like Bert, and find that this is not for them.

Sexual activity among the hippies differs very little from that in everyday society. Relatively high incidence of the nude party and sex orgy is reported among groups outside the new hip generation.* The relatively few hippies who engage in the sadomasochistic practices of bondage, discipline and flagellation have to venture outside their own element and join groups already existing in society for this activity. Certainly the hippies did not originate any of this. These elements have always been present in society, and society has always had its libertines.

The one remarkable difference in sexual incidence between the hippies and straight society is the lack of homosexuals. This is not as surprising as it first appears. Homosexuals for centuries have had their own society completely separated from the more accepted social order. And homosexuals have long jealously guarded their own ranks, admitting none but the true believers. On this basis a mixture of the two groups would be impossible, for the hippies are everything but homosexual.

Homosexuals, like the hippies, are a part of the

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* *Sex Rebels*, by Drs. Matt and Kathleen Galant.

sexual underground. Their activities are illegal in forty-nine out of the fifty states, and the harassment they receive from the authorities is almost unbelievable. It is little wonder that they lift their voices with the hippies in protest. What they seek, along with the hippies and wife-swappers, are laws based on the hang-loose ethic. Laws which guarantee the Constitution-given right to privacy are laws which will reflect the right of consenting adults to do as they wish as long as their activity does not harm others. Laws of this nature would most certainly involve social problems, but these problems would be far less than those which we face with our existing legislation.

In all of this, the one maxim we seem to lose sight of is that by forcing anything, be it communism, radicalism or sex, underground we lose control of it. Take prostitution for example, we know that this element of society is by and large controlled by organized crime. Legalize prostitution and controls would rid the trade of the criminal element. Keep it underground and we help the criminal element to flourish and become prosperous. These facts are well known to organized crime which spends millions of dollars a year to help defeat any legislation aimed at the legalization of prostitution. Thus, in a sense, the moralists actually work hard to help the one element of society they despise.

Many say that the hippies live in sin, but an old Tibetan proverb tells us: "There is no sin.

There are only stages of develepoment." And from what the author learned during this investigation into the hippie way of life, this is exactly what is taking place. There are a number of generations in America going through a stage of development, and the hippies are just one of these. Because the hippies are so open and candid about their beliefs and activities they receive the lion's share of publicity. They toss conventional behavior aside, dress as they want, say what they think, live as they want and do exactly what they feel like doing.

All of the sex we hear about among the hippies should be viewed as surface eruptions of the underground current running through our entire society.

It is not left to us to judge the hippies' morality. Henry Adams once said, "Morality is a private and costly luxury." My observations proved to me that the hippies have their own codes of morality, even though these may differ from the more accepted codes. We do not have to agree with the hippies any more than they have to agree with us.

We are left with the responsibility, however, of defending their right to individual privacy and their own way of life. Today's youth explosion, after all, will be tomorrow's governing body. Perhaps instead of trying to force our way of life on them we should more carefully study theirs.

GLOSSARY

Modern language is fascinating, mystifying, illuminating and just plain interesting. As you walk the fabulous Sunset Strip, or the "groovy" street in any city or town, you are reminded of the old ball park hawker's cry, "you can't tell the players without a program." You simply can't understand what's being said unless you're tuned in or turned on. The most outstanding quality of modern slang is that it goes through constant change. By the time you read this it may well be out of date, but here are some of the words and terms by the "groovy" generation.

ACID: See LSD.

BACKWARDS: Tranquilizers, or any chemical depressant.

BAD SCENE: Anything which has unpleasant or disappointing aspects. Specifically, a situation likely to produce unpleasant experiences or troublesome interpersonal relationships.

BAG: An interest or preoccupation with any one thing.

BALL: A good time, scene or trip. Actively, to have a very satisfactory sexual experience.

BLUE BE-IN: A large gathering of hippies.

BENNY: Benzedrine; a chemical stimulant used to prevent sleep and to remain alert, occasionally used to reach a mild high. It is habit forming and the individual becomes depressed as it wears off.

BLOOD: A negro; a non-discriminatory term.

BLOW: To leave. To perform well musically or verbally.

BLOW YOUR MIND: Fantastic astonishment, often negative.

BLUE FASCISTS: The Los Angeles police department.

BREAD: Money.

BUG: To annoy someone, to hang them up or create hassles.

BUM TRIP: A disturbing subjective experience, usually mind expanding, which leaves the in-

dividual mentally shaken. Generally, any unsatisfactory experience.

BUST: An arrest.

CANNABIS: The botanical terminology for Indian hemp from which marijuana is produced.

CAT: A male; specifically one that swings.

CHICK: A female; specifically one that is sexually desirable.

CONNECTION: A source; be it a contact to information, drugs, abortionists, or the police.

CONTACT: A source, especially for drugs.

CONTACT HIGH: Becoming high or turned on by simply coming into contact with another that is up on psychedelics. Also see rapping.

COOL: A general term for persons and things which are in tune with the modern scene.

COP OUT: To sell out to the establishment; to give up and submit to conventional pressures.

COPE: To effectively and competently handle ordinary tasks and encounters with straight society while under the influence of psychedelic drugs.

CRASH: To sleep. To come down from a drug episode.

CRAZY: A term of approval for someone or something which is really with it.

CRUTCH: Anything that is needed to cope with everyday life; specifically, it refers to alcohol and its use by the "lame ones."

CUT OUT: To leave; split.

DEALER: One who sells illegal drugs such as LSD, marijuana, pep pills, etc. Also called pusher, the man, connection.

DIG: To understand, appreciate, enjoy.

DOPE: Any drug.

DOWN TRIP: To be boring.

DRAG: That which is boring or turns one off.

DYKE: A female homosexual; a lesbian.

EGO GAME: What one does to boost his ego.

FAG: A male homosexual, especially one that is effete.

FAR OUT: New, ahead, therefore good. Avante garde.

FIX: A shot of heroin or some other drug.

FLIP: An unusual state of being, ranging from far out enthusiasm to full blown psychosis.

FORWARDS: Any of the so-called pep pills.

FREAK: Somebody's bag which he grossly overemphasizes. "To freak out" is to lose all contact with reality.

GAME: A conventional attitude or kind of behavior which is habitual and unnecessary.

GO OR GOES: To get into the swing of something. To produce any kind of exceptional grooving performance. A shout of encouragement and support.

GRASS: Marijuana. See marijuana.

GRASS BROWNIES: A chocolate cookie that includes marijuana in the batter.

GRASS COOKIE: Any cookie that includes marijuana as part of the ingredients.

GROOVY: That which swings or is with it.

HALLUCINOGENIC DRUGS: Name given to psychedelic substances such as LSD, sacred mushrooms and peyote by those doctors, psychiatrists and officials who believe that the effects of such chemicals are to produce hallucinations.

HANG-UP: See hung-up.

HAPPENING: An event, implying excitement of something meaningful going on with a possibility of wonder and surprise.

HASHBURY: The Haight-Ashbury section of San Francisco which has received national publicity as the center of the hippies.

HASSLE: Any unwelcome duty or intrusion on one's life or mental equilibrium.

HEAD: One who uses marijuana and/or other drugs with a certain regularity.

HIGH: To be turned on, specifically when turned on by smoking marijuana or using other drugs.

HOLD: To have marijuana or other illegal drugs on your person or close at hand.

HORSE: Heroin.

HUNG-UP: Trapped in a psychological or interpersonal problem and thus prevented from swinging.

HUSTLE: To make occur some event which you desire.

JOINT: A marijuana cigarette.

KEY: A kilo; specifically, a brick of drugs, usually marijuana, which weighs approximately 2.2 pounds. Also spelled, ki.

LAME ONES: Anyone that is bothered with psychological or personal problems and uses some crutch to cope with these problems. Usually the reference means anyone that uses alcohol for the crutch.

LARD: Police.

LID: An ounce or so of marijuana and a standard size of marijuana transaction, especially in the west.

LSD: Lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD-25); a

man-made substance derived from ergot. Discovered in 1943, it was used mostly for psychiatric therapy. Although it is the most popular of the mind expanding drugs, it is no longer legally manufactured in the U.S.

MARIJUANA: The dried flowering tops of the female plants of *Cannabis sativa,* otherwise known as Indian hemp. Discovered almost 4,000 years ago, it was originally known as "The Delight Giver." Although it is not habit forming, it was classified as a narcotic under the Narcotics Act of 1937, thus making it illegal in the U.S. Effects vary to some extent but generally it heightens all of the senses and re-relaxes and uplifts the user. Since its discovery its use in medicine has been "to relieve pain, especially headache, encourage sleep and to soothe restlessness." It is also called grass, pot, tea, mary-jane, weed, gates, reefers, and goofbutts.

MATCHBOX: A small amount of marijuana, usually five to eight joints. Also called a dime bag or nickel bag for ten and five dollar purchases in various locales.

METH: Methadrine; an especially strong stimulant taken in pill or crystal form.

OUT OF SIGHT: So good that words and images fail to describe it.

PLASTIC HIPPIE: One participating in hippism

only part time, such as one or two nights a week or on weekends.

POT: Marijuana.

POT LIKKER: Tea that has been brewed with marijuana.

PSYCHEDELIC: Anything that expands or intensifies consciousness.

PUSH: To sell drugs or other illicit items and services. Broadly, to make any active attempt to manipulate your environment.

ROACH: The butt of a marijuana cigarette.

ROACH PICK: A device that permits the user to smoke a marijuana cigarette completely without allowing any of it to waste. The shape and size varies and it is often an item of jewelry which the user can carry at all times.

RAPPING: To establish rapport through conversation or any other form of communication.

SCENE: The whole of a setting and the action occurring within it. It is analagous to the scene of a play with props, staging, actors and script.

SCORE: To obtain drugs or sex or generally to procure some concrete goods or services or recognition.

SHORT: A car.

SPADE: A Negro, especially one who swings. A

neutral term implying no discrimination.

SPEED: Amphetamines. Any of the central nervous system stimulants such as dexedrine, benzedrine or methadrine. Also called splash or chalk.

SPLIT: To leave.

SQUARE: A person or thing which is not in tune with or in-the-know about what is happening.

STONED: Unusually high on LSD or marijuana. Also loaded, smashed, ripped, torn-up.

STP: A mind-expanding drug whose effects last as long as four days, as compared to up to 12 hours for LSD. The drug is new and relatively little is known about it. It was named after an oil additive because it supposedly "makes your motor run better."

STRAIGHT: In its narrow sense a person who isn't involved in or in-the-know about some scene the speaker is involved with, such as drugs or protest movements or homosexuality. More broadly it refers to a person or scene that is not connected with or very aware of the happening world, like most parents, professors and mass magazines.

SWING: To become a spontaneous and effective participant in an ongoing thing such as sex or dancing or self expression. Also, a way of describing someone who is usually with it.

TEENY-BOPPER: A teenage hipster.

THE MAN: Police.

TOAK: To take a puff or hit on a marijuana cigarette.

TRIP: An experience that carries the person outside his ordinary thoughts and feelings and perceptions and which involves him intensely in the unfolding immediate moment. Usually involves heightened concentration and perceptiveness and a temporary loss of attention or concern with other things.

TRIP-OUT: To become intensely involved in something so that one has the subjective sense of being carried away from ordinary concerns and carried along as a participant of some sort in whatever is happening.

TURN-OFF: Usually a passive verb meaning to be deadened or brought down to indifference and disinclination by something.

TURN-ON: Narrowly, to smoke marijuana until one is high; but more broadly and generally to be personally entranced and excited and moved by something from a sunset to a symphony, to a pretty girl, to a playing child, to a psychedelic drug. Also means to come alive and carries the implication that conventional society creates people who are not very alive.

UNCOOL: Person or thing connected in some

way with the modern scene but displaying a gross lack of competence in swinging with the happenings or coping with the problems and conflicts and hassles that arise. Implies that your own personal safety can be in danger by an uncool person's behavior.

UNDERGROUND: A name many happeners use to describe the tenuously bound subculture, its inhabitants and its activities.

UP: Most specifically under the influence of one of the psychedelics, particularly LSD. More generally to be on a trip and therefore preoccupied and perhaps a little unpredictable but not dangerous in action.

UPTIGHT: To be tense, rigid, nervous.

WEIRDO: An individual whose sexual desires lie in the realm of serious perversions such as bondage, flagellation, sadism, masochism, etc.

WHERE IT'S AT: The physical or psychological locus or real and significant activity as opposed to sham and ritual.

WIG: Your mind.

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This book was written on the scene, on Sunset Strip and in Haight-Ashbury. The majority of the material comes from our eye-witness accounts of the happenings, or from the participants themselves who so graciously cooperated with us. A great deal of excellent material has been published about the various happenings on Sunset Strip and in the Haight-Ashbury district and we have made use of this information wherever possible. The following is a list of books and articles which any serious student of human behavior will find interesting.

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